BLACK JOURNALISTS OF JOHANNESBURG SILK

THE NATION

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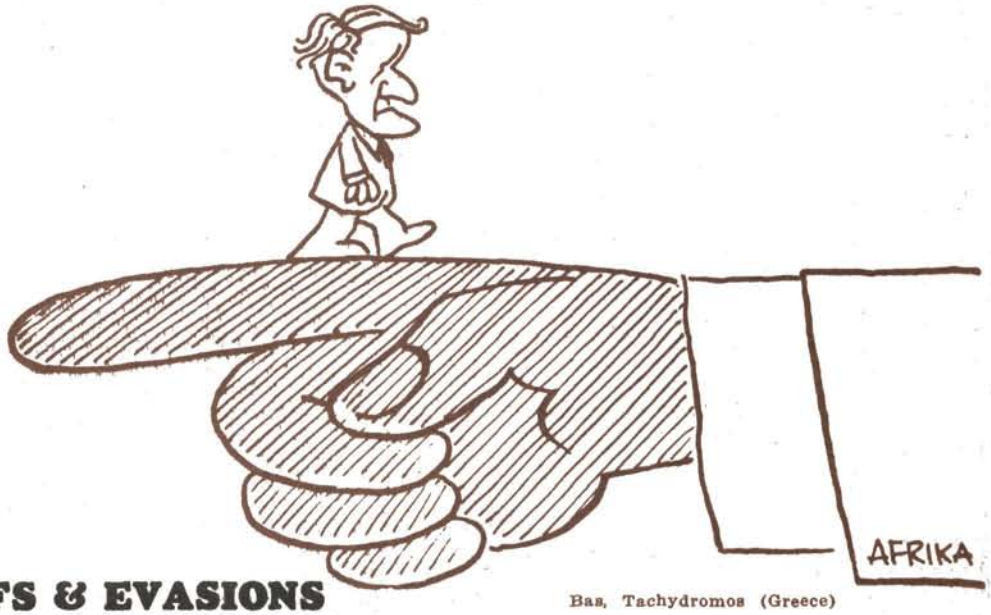

Bas, Tachydromos (Greece)

PROMISES, PAYOFFS & EVASIONS

A New Plan for Ian Smith to Veto

Gary Wasserman

Wage and Price Stability

THIS COUNCIL IS A REAL-LIFE JOKE

David Bollier & Norman Waitzman

THE BIRMINGHAM BOMBING OF 1963

BILL CORNWELL

'WE'RE GONNA GET OUR ASSES KICKED'

THE TEAMSTER DISSIDENTS MOBILIZE

Robert H. Holden

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LETTERS

"all or none"

Los Altos, Calif.

Your editorial, "For All or for None" [Oct. 15] on the question of permitting Nazis to march in Skokie, Ill. brought to mind how the Dutch handle the problem. Articles 137c and d of the Netherlands Penal Code deal with statements or publications that insult a group of their population. The Dutch, who cherish freedom of speech as much as we do, exclude preventive action other than warning the persons involved beforehand that prosecution is intended. It has worked for 100 years.

Furthermore, the U.N. Declaration on Racial Discrimination, Article 9, urges that "all states take immediate and positive measures, including legislation . . . to prosecute and/or outlaw organizations which promote or incite to . . . discrimination based on race, color or ethnic origin."

Would the following proposed law be a constitutionally sound approach to the problem?

> Any propaganda or organization based on the theory of the superiority of one race or group of persons of one color or ethnic origin with a view to justify or promote racial discrimination, hatred, or abuse; or any act of violence, or incitement against any person or group of persons by reason of or by reference to religious, racial, or ethnic affiliation shall be considered an offense against society and punishable under law. A warning shall be given the persons involved that prosecution is intended.

Bernice Fischer

Sacramento, Calif.

The editorial "For All or for None" was well-argued, yet nevertheless bad. The analogy was drawn in the editorial between the Nazis who want to march in Skokie and the Southern civil rights marchers of the 1960s, implying that if the ACLU did not represent the Nazis in court it could not represent black or left-wing groups. I don't think the analogy holds or the implication is fair, because Martin Luther King's marches furthered human freedom and dignity, and aimed at spreading nonviolence, while the Nazis want to degrade and destroy freedom and dignity, and spread violence.

As both Thoreau and King himself wrote, political actions ultimately rest on a moral sense, not simply on an obeisance to law. Doing what is right is far more important than any other sort of consistency. Clearly, in the Skokie case, the ACLU is allowing its principles in regard to the Constitution, a good but less than divine document, to make it do what is wrong: furthering the spread of Nazi hatred and violence.

We're in sad shape if we cannot trust our sense of right and wrong far enough to discriminate between Martin Luther King and a band of Nazis. The ACLU should drop the case.

Charles Klein

clowns in a boat

Washington, D.C.

I want to express mild exasperation over Lois Weiner's "Death Wish Among the Teachers" [*The Nation*, Sept. 24]. The fundamental idea—that it is suicidal of teachers to go on fighting one another instead of uniting to lead a new American progressive movement—is correct, but Ms. Weiner's basic assumptions and her supporting generalizations are simplistic and unrealistic.

Until the teacher collective bargaining era, beginning in 1961, the National Education Association and most of its state and local components were paternalistic supporters of the status quo in education and in American society. . . . In the '60s, however, under the impact of the hard-

(*Continued on page 455*)

EDITORIALS

Pretoria's Siege Mentality

On the series of abrupt, harsh and repressive actions taken by the South African Government against those who work for change in that country the optimists say that, once Vorster and his party have won an unchallenged mandate in the November 30th election, his government can and will work toward a more humane system. The pessimists, on the other hand, claim that the dynamic of events in that unfortunate land runs deeper than any such short-term calculation would suggest and that the Afrikaners are now set on a fateful and irreversible course of repression, that they have in effect gone into the laager (the defensive circle of prairie wagons).

The pessimists, as usual, have the best of the argument. To believe that the truculent Vorster can easily reverse a course that has grown increasingly contemptuous of world opinion requires considerable faith in miracles. It seems clear that Pretoria's governing group sees no other way to go than what they call "firmness." That includes shutting down South Africa's largest and most influential black-run newspaper, the *World* (see Andrew Silk's account, p. 454), putting more and more supporters of peaceful change under the dreaded ban, and generally tightening the screws on the lid holding down all forms of resistance to the benighted policy of apartheid.

All of history tells us that the result will be to drive peaceful protest underground and hasten the day of violent confrontation between whites and blacks in South Africa. The question is, what can the rest of the world do about it? The United Nations Security Council has been considering that question and the term "sanctions" is very much in the air at the U.N. these days. Ambassador Andrew Young has said that he favors "some form of sanctions," but this is not yet the policy of the United States. It could become the Carter administration's position any day, but its adoption would mean the abandonment of another set of American priorities toward southern Africa.

The fact is that, after the initial flurry of talk about human rights, including Vice President Mondale's somewhat ambiguous support of the one man, one vote principle for South Africa (which would of course mean the sudden end of white rule there), we have been following a different course in that area. The priority has been to ease the direct pressure on the Vorster government in the hope that South Africa could thus be induced to abandon its illegal hold over Namibia and put heavy pressure on Rhodesia to start the process of turning over the reins of power to the huge black majority.

It is evident now that Pretoria will not deliver on its part of this tacit bargain, if indeed it ever accepted it. The laager mentality wants borders as far out from the center as possible. Having firmly drawn the line internally, as shown by the domestic crackdown, the Vorster government also seems to have drawn the line externally. That is, in the state of siege which it imagines its position to be, it has apparently decided that a defensive line against black Africa is better drawn on the Zambezi River,

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Rhodesia's northern border, than on the Limpopo River, its southern border. If that is correct, South Africa will use none of its substantial power to influence events in Salisbury and it will hang onto Namibia as well. And so Washington's hopes of delaying the evil day of confrontation with South Africa have come to nothing and we are now face to face with a bitter opponent.

The American ability to affect the policies of South Africa is limited but not altogether missing. Pretoria is extraordinarily dependent on the outside world for its oil, most of which comes from Iran. Iran is a major client of the United States, dependent on Washington for the array of modern weaponry on which the Shah bases his dreams of glory. The conclusion is obvious, if odious: assuming we are not willing to cut the Shah off our arms sales list altogether, we could at least cancel some of the billions of weapons sales now on the books unless Iran chokes off the oil for South Africa. It hardly needs to be said that the American economic stake in South Africa, which is considerable but not overwhelming—our trade with Nigeria, for instance, is larger—should not be a determinant in setting our policy toward Pretoria.

When he was in South Africa in May, Ambassador Young was asked if the United States would be apt to support a liberation movement that was committed to democracy and democratic procedures. His answer was that he thought this country would support such a movement, short of giving it arms. It was a hopeful statement. That approach to the stormy days ahead for South Africans, combined with economic sanctions against their blind and fearful government, offers at least the opportunity for some movement out of the present grim impasse.

Modest to a Fault

For want, it was said, of "a self-deprecatory sense of humor" Jimmy Carter almost lost the nomination of his party. That charge was solemnly brought against him by more than one member of the national press during his candidate days. He got the message, found some speech writers endowed with a nice sense of irony and deprecated himself into the White House, as everybody knows.

Self-deprecation is an odd feature of American politics. It is, first of all, an essential quality for a politician. Without it he runs the fatal risk of "taking himself too seriously." That could ominously mean that he isn't a democrat, that he values himself above others. Further, if he isn't quick to put himself down, there's the risk that others will do it for him. But if he gets there first with the self-inflicted dart, what sting will there be in the arrows loosed by others? So self-deprecation serves as a shield against criticism.

There's a large apparatus of self-deprecation in this country, and its headquarters is in Washington. The national press has its Gridiron Club, where political leaders are regularly self-roasted, in order to show the leaders of opinion what common men they indeed are. This is considered a higher form of the art than the "roast" of show business, in which the friends of the

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character on the spit are the ones who apply the ego-diminishing heat.

All this is full of bonhomie and may have done its part on occasion to preserve this republic from tyranny. But it has gone a bit too far. The other day in New York Bert Lance, the banker we all remember for his informal ways with money, spoke before an audience of business and civic leaders at the annual luncheon of the Fifth Avenue Association and, self-deprecatingly, suggested himself for a job as "consultant on the use of corporate aircraft," or as an aide to a banker "who needs advice on getting along with a regulatory agency." That would seem to deprecate both Mr. Lance and President Carter at whose right hand he quite recently sat. But no one can properly criticize him for the style of his remarks; it's a hallowed mode among public officials.

The self-deprecatory touch has even spread to our cousins abroad. Prince Charles, heir to the throne of Great Britain, has been wandering around this country in the year of his royal mother's jubilee saying things like: "People are fascinated by monarchy, by royalty. But if they had it, tomorrow they'd want to get rid of it." It could be that HRH forgot for the moment that this colony got rid of it 201 years ago, as we endlessly celebrated just last year. Or are we missing the point of a jest? The Prince is also quoted as saying, "I wonder why I'm here. You perhaps wonder why I'm here. And I have a feeling other people wonder what in the hell they were going to do with me." Not at all, Your Highness, we recognize self-deprecation even in the most aristocratic guise.

There's an unpleasing fakery in this style of discourse, a false modesty aimed at flattering an audience by making the speaker one of the boys. Politicians, who number in their ranks more than their share of stuffed shirts, should not borrow so shamelessly from the tired routines of nightclub comics to hide their natural pomposity. They might try a little wit instead of that cheap form of humor, the self-inflicted slapstick.

The Missing Veto

The same old Congressmen who supinely voted for one appropriation after another to carry on the irresponsible war in Indochina are still at it. Their latest thing is to punish those who fought that war.

They did this most recently by passing legislation which denies veterans' benefits to thousands of G.I.s who left the services with discharges less than "honorable" and then had them upgraded to "honorable" status under procedures set by the government to right some of the wrongs of that discredited past. Surprisingly (but, it must be said, typically), President Carter signed this mean-spirited law, failing to give it a veto, which would have been his first. He thus avoided a brush with the Congressional superpatriots who are often called "conservatives." This did not prevent Carter from uttering the usual Veterans Day pieties at Arlington National Cemetery. He says he will support legislation later on that will correct some of the effects of the law he weakly signed.

Veterans of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos have been discriminated against outrageously ever since we laid down our arms there. The benefits for those who get them are substantially inferior to what was given to survivors of our earlier wars. Unemployment, partly a consequence of the tens of thousands of "bad" discharges, runs two or three times higher than the general level. Many of the vets cannot afford the G.I. Bill training their predecessors got, not at the present low rates of support.

Carter should never have signed that bill, aimed at making soldiers in future wars toe the line no matter the cause. It goes against all his past protestations on this matter and it will simply advertise his weakness before a Congress which will go on imposing its narrow will upon him.

30 Million Readers

Ralph Nader, in *The Progressive*, has called attention to an issue of long-standing interest to *The Nation*—the sad state of the labor press and its extraordinary unfulfilled potential. By Nader's reckoning, labor newsletters, magazines and newspapers reach a combined readership of 30 million: the largest communication medium that is free, as he puts it, from "the restrictions of corporate influence." It would be unreasonable to expect a labor paper to criticize the leadership of the union in whose name it is issued; even a certain amount of "in-house puffery" is to be expected, if not condoned. And no one doubts that labor papers must give high priority to union interests and the activities of leaders, auxiliaries and members. But all that leaves plenty of scope for good investigative journalism that would explore important issues of direct concern to the readership, both as union members and as citizens, bringing them news they might not otherwise get. Today few labor newspapers carry such material. Some even fail to cover union elections. For example, it is doubtful that *The Carpenter* has ever carried news of opposition candidates for leadership positions in the 100 years of the union's existence, the rationale being that the union has no procedure for nominating candidates before a convention. And many labor papers will not accept for publication letters from union members critical of the leadership, a practice that cuts off the direct feedback from the members which it should be a prime function of the labor press to stimulate, and at the same time robs the papers of a measure of credibility. There are, of course, some fine labor newspapers which could set an example and a standard for the rest, but the number is disastrously limited. Not wanting to be invidious or to risk overlooking some papers of which we may not be aware, we shall name no names. But the existence of labor newspapers that do bring their readers significant news and in-depth reports on major social, economic and political issues substantiates the proposition that the rest of the labor press should re-examine its policies and function.

Of recent months there has been much talk about the need for organized labor to place less emphasis on lobbying in Washington and more on arousing rank-and-file interest in national and local political action. A more relevant labor press could be a major step in this direction. But as of now, with a limited number of splendid

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exceptions, the great potential of the labor press has not been realized.

As Nader notes, there has been talk in the past of the need for a national labor daily. There are more than enough national issues today on which there could be general concurrence on what needed to be said from labor's point of view. And it should be possible to adopt ground rules and guidelines that would prevent such a daily from being used by a faction, or of riling inter-union disputes, or ignoring the special interests of particular unions.

Such a national labor daily, distributed to the rank and file of the unions that sponsored it, would provide an important supplement and goad to existing labor publications as well as a useful influence on the general press. Incidentally a national labor daily that reached 30 million readers might, one would think, attract substantial advertising. And in any case supporting it might be relatively less expensive and even more effective than the intensive lobbying in which organized labor currently indulges. It would also provide jobs for printers, reporters, editors and clerical workers. Such a concept is not a pipe dream. When *Liberty* was about to suspend publication in the late 1940s, with a circulation of 3 million, an attempt was made to convert it into a national labor publication. So there is precedent for the proposal.

What Happened to Horman?

Did American complicity in the coup against President Salvador Allende of Chile include acquiescence—or direct participation—in the murder of American citizens? The Center for Constitutional Rights (853 Broadway, New York 10003) recently initiated a lawsuit to discover what happened four years ago to Charles Horman, a young American journalist and film maker who was working in Chile during the last year of the Popular Unity government. Among his activities was an investigation of American involvement in the assassination of Gen. Rene Schneider in 1970.

On September 11, 1973, with the coup in progress, Horman found himself stranded in Valparaiso. He was offered a ride to Santiago by Capt. Ray Davis, Commander of the U.S. Military Group in Chile and chief of American Naval Intelligence there. Two days later the U.S. Embassy refused to help Horman and his wife get plane tickets to leave Chile, though that same day the embassy had booked four other Americans on a flight that left with empty seats.

That evening Horman was arrested by the Chilean secret police, and a few days later he was dead. According to a former Chilean intelligence officer, the group that decided to execute Horman because he "knew too much" included an American dressed in civilian clothes. For weeks afterward Horman's wife and parents tried to find Charles. The embassy and the State Department denied knowledge of his whereabouts, even of his arrest. When his father went to Chile to search, embassy officials who already knew the young man was dead said nothing. When the junta finally claimed that Horman was shot by left-wing snipers, the State Department, fully aware of the truth, made no protest.

The lawsuit now in progress seeks to learn, in the words of a Center mailing, ". . . if Charles was denied his legally guaranteed protection by the embassy [and] which American presided over his death sentence. Why was the truth kept from the Horman family? What was it that Charles knew 'too much' about?" The Carter administration could speed matters by means of a thorough and public inquiry; instead, it has refused to release files, despite the Freedom of Information Act. So the suit is expected to cost considerable time and money. The Center is asking for financial support. In our view it is an important cause.

Beautiful but Dumb

Rejoicing in the fact that, even as he spoke, a Concorde was outracing the sun to a landing at Kennedy International, Gilbert Perol, director general of Air France, stated: "With landing rights in New York, Concorde will be nearly halfway to profitability." (*The New York Times*, October 21.) Americans who have admired the French for the precision with which they express themselves may be disconcerted by M. Perol's sadly uncommunicative prophecy. Speaking in francs and pounds, just how far from profitability is halfway? And assuming that Kennedy is the midpoint in the long ascent out of the red, how would the custodians of Concorde propose to get to the top? The halfway camp on the climb of Everest is scarcely the middle of the journey. Or is M. Perol palming off on us some such felicity as "The summit of Mont Blanc is halfway to heaven"?

Not that francs and pounds are any concern of the residents of Queens, or of Americans in general. The Concorde is now being put through its paces and early reports are that it is no more offensive to ears and crockery than are the arrivals and departures of many subsonic jets. This, of course, must be accepted with caution: some sounds are more distressing than others, and the growl of the Concorde is said to match its predatory profile. Furthermore, its successful practice runs over the recording machines were accomplished with low altitude turns of an abruptness that might well displease an expense account clientele not accustomed to being tossed about by its exceedingly well-paid air chauffeurs.

But if it should prove true that the Concorde can slip decorously and as silently as many other planes into and out of Kennedy, it will merely confirm what we have suspected all along—the battle of the Franco-British SST has been fought on the wrong side of the Atlantic. All the attention has been centered on the tender sensibilities and the rough manners of the roused citizenry of Queens; this must have well-suited the directors of Air France and British Airways, for it has directed thought away from the ravaged pocketbooks of the taxpayers of England and France.

Concorde may prove not to be the most noisy passenger plane ever built, but it is surely the most expensive —the most expensive to build and, per passenger, the most expensive to fly. By current standards it is a relatively small vehicle (100 passengers), but if a second

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generation were made larger, it would also be noisier, so economy of scale holds no promise.

The fact is that the Concorde is not a contribution to rational transportation but a monument to national pride; it was started in the days of de Gaulle, a man more than a little preoccupied with glory. As for the British, they are inured to monuments of this sort—they support a Royal Family that shamelessly fattens itself on an increasingly lean and hungry economy. The Queen and her large family of ceremonial ribbon cutters are relics of an imperial past and perhaps cannot be retired to private life. But the Concorde is a relic of the contemporary fallacy that whatever is technically possible should be done. It was a bad idea brilliantly executed, and persisted in with the stubborn nearsightedness of politicians intent on saving face. If they manage to force their deluxe toy into Kennedy, their faces will presumably be saved. In which case they might give some thought to saving their constituencies money they can ill-afford to squander. If the present flock of Concordes must fly, in an attempt to recover some of the $3 billion they cost the taxpayers of France and England, so be it. But they are birds that should hatch no chicks.

The Gruening We Knew

Nation readers on their next visit to Washington may want to pay a special visit to the rotunda of the Capitol to view the recently unveiled statue of the late Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska. The statue honors the Capitol as much as it honors Gruening. It belongs where it has been placed, but it fails to capture—how could stone do that?—the spirit of that most remarkable man. The unveiling ceremonies were not widely reported, but a perceptive column by Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover in *The Washington Star*, captioned "Doctor of Diversity," catches the spirit of the Ernest Gruening we knew on this magazine. His talents were indeed diverse: trained as a doctor, he was a newspaper reporter and editor (of *The Nation*, among other publications), foreign correspondent, historian, author, diplomat, champion of Alaska statehood, territorial Governor and, at 72, elected to represent Alaska in the Senate. Kindly, infinitely curious, courageous, intelligent, sensitive to social injustices, he was, as Sen. Gaylord Nelson said of him, a fighter of many battles he did not always win but never lost by default. *Many Battles* was, quite appropriately, the title of his autobiography, published in 1973.

Nothing in his long, distinguished and diverse career did him more credit than the battle he waged to stop the war in Vietnam. His opposition dated from March 10, 1964, when he made a remarkable 7,000-word speech to a nearly empty Senate. (It was also ignored by the press, including *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*.) From that date, his determination to see the war brought to a halt never ceased. At 85, he stumped the country in support of Sen. George McGovern and never failed to denounce the war. Later, bedridden, he carried on his campaign to bring about the impeachment of Richard Nixon.

In 1968 he failed to win renomination in the Alaska primary; that was also the year when Wayne Morse lost his Senate seat in the November election. Those two names, "Morse and Gruening," have a special resonance for those who remember the lone "no" votes they cast against the Gulf of Tonkin resolution and their unflagging opposition to our adventure in Vietnam.

Among those present at the ceremonies in the rotunda was a young man named Norman Jacques, a former member of the Rhode Island legislature who refused to be inducted into the armed services as a protest against the war in Vietnam. Gruening heard about him, spoke on his behalf, and raised money for his defense. "In political Washington," Messrs. Germond and Witcover observe, "the word 'great' is thrown around with abandon to describe some of the champion hacks of our time. But it was invoked with justification the other day at the unveiling of a statue of the late Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Black Journalists in Johannesburg

ANDREW SILK

The South African Government shut down the Johannesburg African newspaper the *World* on October 19 because it was becoming the new voice of black South Africa. It may be allowed to speak again, but if it does, it won't sound the same.

It was not a great paper, although in time it might have become one. Unlike another Johannesburg newspaper, the *Rand Daily Mail*, it did not have a long tradition of government opposition and tough reporting. For most of its life it was a conventional ghetto newspaper tightly controlled by white management. It was owned by a white English-language newspaper chain which was persistent yet cautious in its attack on the government. Its pages were filled largely with crime, sports and dreams of middle-class comfort. It criticized the government, but in tones no sharper than those of the white opposition parties.

The rebellion in Soweto, the black city of a million outside Johannesburg, changed all this. Beginning with its coverage of the initial demonstrations on June 16, 1976 and continuing through to its final day of publication, the *World* chronicled and helped lead the remarkable political education of an oppressed people.

In the beginning, the *World* staff that reported the students' revolt was often attacked physically by blacks

Andrew Silk was a reporter on The Pretoria News *and the* Rand Daily Mail *in 1974. He recently returned from ten months in South Africa as a fellow of the Thomas Watson Foundation.*

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and reviled as a tool of the whites. By the end, it was known as a tough and realistic supporter of the "black consciousness movement" through which blacks attempted to take control of their own communities and institutions peacefully.

At the center of this transformation was the paper's editor Percy Qoboza, now under detention. In 1974, when I worked on South African newspapers, he was thought to be little more than a token editor. During a year in which Portuguese colonialism in southern Africa was overthrown, Muhammad Ali or the Soweto soccer teams often pushed the news of revolution and independence in Mozambique and Angola off the *World*'s front pages.

A year later, however, Qoboza was at Harvard studying as a Nieman fellow. He returned to Johannesburg a month before the uprising, to discover that the new sense of pride and determination which he had acquired abroad was being fought for by his people in the streets of Soweto.

His reporters received their education not only by covering attacks on government buildings and the police shooting of students but by talking and thinking during months in jail. When the "riot squad" that covered the months of unrest for the *World* was arrested, they were put in common cells that became classrooms for the struggle. As the township resistance persisted, the detention of the paper's reporters almost became routine.

Qoboza and his staff used their new awareness and prestige to entrench their positions on the paper. By the time the *World*'s circulation had grown to 146,000, making it the second largest morning paper in the country, Qoboza had become a prominent black leader, too important to be fired.

The paper did not see itself as simply a forum for doctrinaire political protest. Its most important function was the straight reporting of news—of student boycotts, police raids, and the activities of new groups which arose in the black city during the rebellion.

It continued to cover crime in Soweto, but accompanied the stories of stabbings and robberies with investigations into unemployment and black living conditions. It kept as well its coverage of music, drama, sports and even its society reporting and advice to the lovelorn. But one could sense even in the columns that were not overtly political a new freedom and excitement.

The sister paper, *Weekend World*, added a new section, "People's College," which taught everything from the tuning of cars, to the improving of reading skills, to the structure of the Marxist government in Mozambique. In a country where most blacks still call whites "master" or "*baas*," the paper realized that individual attempts to establish self-respect and independence were as important to the community as the political battles it took on.

At no point did the *World* advocate violence. In fact, in the coming years, the policies it did call for will look hopelessly moderate. It refused, however, to compromise either in its coverage of events or in its opposition to any government action which divided black people into regional and ethnic groups in order to create new, Balkanized countries out of one South Africa.

Three months before it was closed, the *World* promoted a plan to bring peace to Soweto that was a reflection of all it had learned and stood for during the unrest. With both student and parent support, it helped establish a committee of prominent Soweto citizens who drew up a blueprint for black control of the city—from the running of the school system to the removal of garbage. Even white administrators in Soweto saw that such a plan was the only way to prevent anarchy, and urged the government to meet with the men. But when the committee tried to bring its program to the people, its meetings were repeatedly banned. Now the organization

LETTERS (*Continued from page 450*)

driving AFT, of which, contrary to Ms. Weiner's view, Mr. Shanker was only one of a dozen or so leaders and certainly not the main architect of the union's policy, the associations were forced to change or lose the support of the rising militant teacher movement.

The NEA conglomerate did change: it eliminated internal racist arrangements, drove the administrators out of control, adopted militantly pro-teacher policies, and became politically active. Unfortunately, however, the giant association had no commitment to social reform (let alone revolutionary change, which Ms. Weiner hints is the direction for teachers to take) and so the staff took over, and organization for organization's sake became the rule. Since the AFT under Shanker control is an even tighter political machine than that of the NEA, with policy positions to the right of those of the association (as Ms. Weiner correctly states), there is really no immediate possibility of reviving the militant liberal teacher movement of the early 1970s.

I have nothing against Ms. Weiner's call for united union-teacher-community action for quality education; in fact, I am all for it and I have written about it many times. I am even in favor of her action program, nationwide one-day demonstration work stoppage and all, but doing it isn't all that easy, as Ms. Weiner has found out in her own school district. Take her suggestion of a nationwide campaign to "tax the corporations." Taxes still have to be passed by Congress. Organizing a meaningful agitation campaign for such a program is far beyond the capacity of either the AFT or NEA, or both of them put together at the present time, even if they wanted to do it. . . .

The trouble is that neither the NEA leaders nor Mr. Shanker want to *lead*; they want to stay in power. Until a new grass-roots movement of teachers emerges, reaching across present organizational boundaries and basing its program on broad social goals and practical intervening strategies, teachers will continue to be like clowns in a leaky boat, belting each other with slapsticks while the water rises higher and higher.

David Selden

David Selden is a former president of the American Federation of Teachers.

necessary step

Silver Spring, Md.

The Soviet Union has no moral right to act as co-chairman at Geneva, or to pose as impartial and peace-loving, as long as it refuses to resume diplomatic relations with Israel. . . .

Moses Brodetzky

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itself is banned and most of its members are with Qoboza in detention.

But the *World*'s support for the Committee of Ten, as the group was called, was not the immediate cause of its closure. Rather, it seems to have been the direct challenge it offered to the country's arrogant minister of police, James Kruger—the man who finally was responsible for shutting it down. First the paper refused to retract an editorial calling for majority rule, despite Kruger's warnings, in public and private, that the *World*'s editors were "playing with fire." Then it reported fully the death in detention of the black leader Steve Biko, and made it clear that it would not rest until it knew how he died and who had killed him.

While Qoboza and his staff may have been surprised at how soon the shutdown came, they clearly expected the paper's end. For, as they began to discover how best and how strongly a newspaper might move black people in South Africa, they also realized that the more effective they became, the sooner the fist of white supremacy would fall.

While the staff and the community it served may have become even more bitter at a government that could destroy so much, I doubt that many Africans are now mourning the death of the *World*. Other means will be established to inform the people, and they may in fact be less inhibited than a paper operating openly. For the spirit which infected the *World* and which it did so much to articulate will grow stronger. It is rather the whites who should mourn the closing of the *World*, for now they are even further removed from what Africans are thinking, feeling and doing. □

WAGE AND PRICE STABILITY

This Council Is a Real-Life Joke

DAVID BOLLIER & NORMAN WAITZMAN

At one point in its satiric account of contemporary history, the Doonesbury comic strip had President Carter establish a Secretary of Symbolism, whose sole responsibility it would be to think up gestures the President could use to bolster public confidence in his policies. The jibe was impertinent, but as Rep. Elliott Levitas of Georgia noted, not that farfetched. Carter and the Congress have just extended for two years the life of an actual executive branch agency that is as superfluous as a Secretary of Symbolism.

This real-life joke is the Council on Wage and Price Stability, and the last laugh may be on the American people. The council is the government's official "inflation agency," chartered "to identify and monitor economic factors contributing to inflation." Yet since its creation on August 24, 1974, it has been an agency whose power to check the ravages of inflation is more symbolic than actual. As Representative Levitas told the House Subcommittee on Economic Stabilization last April, "The politicians certainly are happy to have the Council on Wage and Price Stability to point to as an example of what is being done to fight inflation, but it is the prices at the supermarket that are telling the truth." In this respect, the council under Carter will be much the same as it was under Presidents Nixon and Ford—an appendage to a weathered, conservative policy toward inflation.

Mr. Carter seems to think that, with minor tinkering, the council can be made much more effective. He wants it to conduct systematic studies of inflation-prone industries and government programs. As he told the nation in his April 1977 anti-inflation message, he wants the council to "develop detailed industry studies to detect emerging bottlenecks, capacity shortages and other problems that, if left unattended, would lead to significant price increases." Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal, whose agency oversees the council, summed up the objective to a reporter: "Good policy making is directly related to good data. . . ."

But exhorting the council simply to collect more "good data" ignores one of its basic flaws since its creation by President Nixon: its consistent pro-business, anti-labor bias in interpreting the causes of inflation. This bias can be seen in nearly every aspect of the council's work—in its choice of what to study (and what not to study), in its omissions of important inflation data, and in its recommendations.

Although the council's resources are about evenly divided between studies of the public and private sectors, the approach and tone of the reports vary tremendously, depending on which area is under consideration. Reports on private industry are usually coolly descriptive and factual; studies of government agencies are much more interpretive, sharp-edged and aggressive—to the point of suggesting detailed alternatives to government regulations.

The council generally portrays labor as one of the most robust—hence, most inflation-causing—segments of the economy. Coal, steel and construction workers are cited as the "highest-paid workers in the economy." And the dangers of wage hikes are chronicled in annual reports that survey major trends in collective bargaining agreements in six major industries. Andrew J. Biemiller, director of the AFL-CIO's Department of Legislation, has noted that the council is hardly a disinterested government agency:

> The council serves the reactionary anti-union and pro-

David Bollier and Norman Waitzman are students at, respectively, Amherst and Swarthmore. Last summer they were interns in Ralph Nader's office, where much of their time was spent on a study of the Council on Wage and Price Stability.

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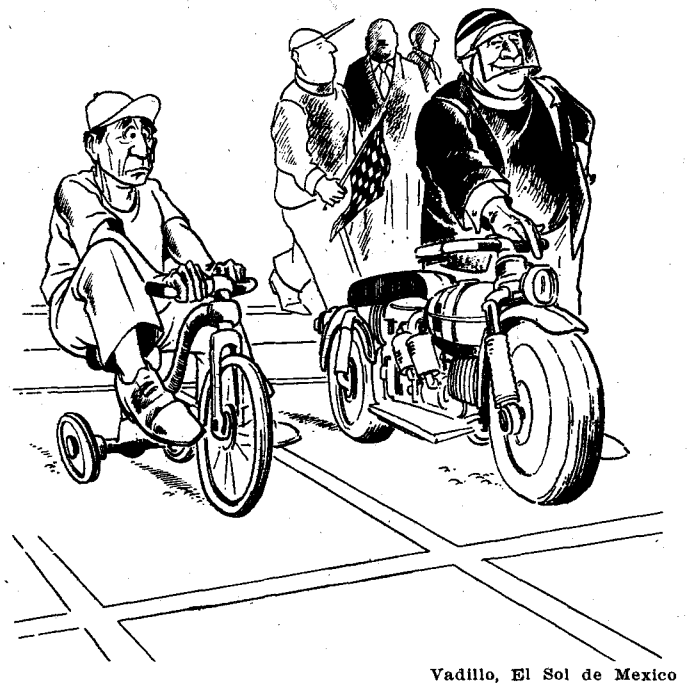
business purposes of those who seek to load responsibility for inflation on the shoulders of America's working people. This is an outrageous perversion of its original purpose.

For an agency instructed to produce "good data" on the causes of inflation, it's strange that the council has little interest in factors that economists have for years identified as major sources of inflation: the excessive corporate profits, anti-competitive practices, high interest rates and sumptuous salaries and fringe benefits of a top-heavy managerial class, which help set the pace for labor's wage demands. Former acting director and Ford appointee, Robert Crandall, reflecting the orientation of the council's reports, said in an interview, "There is potential but I don't see that [profit-related factors] as a genuine source of inflation."

Besides keeping tabs on industrial capacity, supply and demand, the council is instructed by its founding charter to "review and analyze . . . the effect of economic concentration and anti-competitive practices . . ." on inflation. Antitrust laws exist to promote competition and thereby prevent "administered prices," which highly concentrated



Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

The Wage-Price Race

industry can sustain. Crandall, while admitting that administered prices exist, defies the council's mandate by claiming that "industrial concentration does not cause inflation."

The council is already compromised by its haphazard process of choosing which industries to monitor. Barry Bosworth, newly appointed director to replace Crandall, has acknowledged that the reports are generally "one-shot events, then they're dropped." And consistent with the council's political leanings, economic concentration has rarely been analyzed. Recommendations for dealing with concentrated industries, when made, have been timid and inconsequential. In fact, an October 1976 memorandum gave implicit sanction to inflationary automobile price hikes by accepting the auto industry's "desire to restore profits to pre-recession levels."

Nor can the council's attitude toward concentrated industries be expected to change under Bosworth, who feels that the matter is "too touchy" and "a long-term matter, something for the Justice Department." President Carter ordered the council to uncover the reasons for recent steel price hikes but, consistent with its policy in the past, little blame is likely to be placed on industry concentration. "The industry's problem is that costs are rapidly rising," Bosworth said in an interview, referring to the most recent steel price hike. And, in its June 1, 1977 report on the latest steel settlement, the agency was highly critical of wage increases that allegedly put "added pressure on manufacturers to increase prices." All of the council's reports on the industry have cited it as the "barometer for the rest of the economy." Without blush, they also refer to its long "history of administered, rather than competitive, pricing."

The lackluster performance is not entirely surprising. With a meager budget of $1.7 million a year (the American Battle Monuments Commission has a budget more than three times as large), the council's thirty professionals cannot possibly combat a problem as all-pervasive as inflation. In a feeble attempt to beef up the council's effectiveness, Carter proposed in April a measure to give the council ten more economists and an additional $500,000. This token increment was initially scrapped by the Office of Management and Budget, as a part of Carter's governmental reorganization, but then restored by Congress.

In itself, proper funding would not make the council a useful agency; it lacks teeth to bite into the problem. Carter's vision of it as the "early-warning system" for inflation is a sham because business and unions are not required to notify the agency in advance of their wage and price hikes. Mandatory prenotification, at one time under consideration by the present administration, would have enabled the council to try to forestall wage and price increases. Walter Heller, top economic adviser under President Kennedy, believes the prenotification clause to be essential. "Without it, the council might be forced to follow a hit-or-miss process of analyzing those proposed price hikes and wage boosts that it was able to get wind of."

The council does have the authority to subpoena businesses for information on costs and prices, but has never done so. Said Bosworth, "I think voluntary measures are preferable . . . [in order to] avoid an atmosphere of confrontation." Besides, he added, in the event of a court test, "they [businesses] have more resources."

While the council rarely becomes exercised over the anti-competitive practices of private industry, it is quick to note any seemingly anti-competitive effects of government regulation. Similarly, though the administration insists upon "voluntary" prenotification for business, it is seeking a form of mandatory prenotification for government agencies. At Carter's behest, the council is expected soon to require government agencies to submit for its

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scrutiny, at least thirty days in advance, the Economic Impact Statements (EIS) which must accompany issuance of new regulations for industry.

The council has a broad mandate to study almost all government activity as it relates to inflation, yet most of its public-sector studies focus on private industry's old bugaboo—government regulation. In most cases the council finds fault with proposed regulations on cost-benefit grounds—that is, the council prefers some other course of action that would be cheaper for industry, whatever its social costs. In deciding whether a proposed regulation is worthwhile, the council balances the costs of implementing it with the social costs of doing without it. This leads to some ridiculous analyses when, as happens, the council attempts to quantify in dollar terms the cost of social and personal intangibles. As Crandall noted, "Hearing is a good. Impaired hearing is a cost." Therefore, instead of agreeing that airlines should meet proposed noise-abatement standards directly, the council in April 1977 suggested taxing airlines for noise on the basis of property depreciation in the surrounding area. By this reasoning, going deaf and the disruption of a community can be compensated for with money. In perhaps its most outrageous market simulation, the council once determined the dollar value of a worker's life, in order to establish the cost-benefit results of implementing or not implementing proposed safety regulations for coke-oven emissions.

While directing its criticism on safety and environmental regulations—whose effects on inflation are dubious at best—the council overlooks another, more obvious source of inflation missing in the public sector: government subsidy to business. Periodic reports have noted the inflationary pressures of some price-support tariffs, but aside from these, the council shows little interest in corporate tax loopholes, which contribute to profit-push inflation. The council might also look into the inflationary effect of the substantial monetary returns netted by private industry on inflated government contracts, investment tax credits and government guaranteed loans to business. Also neglected have been artificially high prices enjoyed by the maritime industry and by agribusinesses like sugar and tobacco.

Since its creation by Nixon, the Council on Wage and Price Stability has played many roles, none very effective in fighting inflation. Before the general public, it plays a cameo role—a bit part as the government's inflation agency. To regulatory agencies, the council is a backstage heckler, reviewing regulations and assuming that a dollar value can be put on human life and safety. But the council's lead role, performed center-stage, is as the friend of business and foe of "inflationary" government regulation. None of these roles is needed; many are redundant. As Charles Shultze, head of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, admitted, the council does not do anything that his Council of Economic Advisers is not authorized to do. There really is *no* reason for this show to go on.

When Carter entered office, there were refreshing indications that the council would become more than a symbol. Mandatory prenotification was in the offing; standby regulatory authority over unjustified wage and price hikes did not seem far behind. Yet within a year, prenotification was on the shelf, next to the untested subpoena power. What is the result? Representative Levitas put it well: "We have succeeded in beguiling the public into believing that something significant is being done by some government agency about inflation." □

PROMISES, PAYOFFS AND EVASIONS

A New Plan for Ian Smith to Veto

GARY WASSERMAN

Given the failure of earlier proposals to settle the Rhodesian conflict, it would be rash to place much hope on the current Anglo-American plan. True, the plan has apparently been accepted by the Rhodesian nationalists, as well as by the "front-line" African states (Angola, Botswana, Mozambique, Tanzania and Zambia), but that may merely be a tactic to throw the burden of rejection on Ian Smith's government. On the basis of the reception enjoyed by the other plans, one can now expect to hear from all sides glowing reports of movement and moderation, but whether or not a formula for the peaceful settlement of Rhodesia's turmoil has at last been found will still be a question.

Gary Wasserman, assistant professor of political science at Columbia University, visited Rhodesia this past summer. He is the author of Politics of Decolonization (*Cambridge University Press*).

Despite the upbeat confidence of its originators, the declining economic and military position of the Smith regime, and the broad international support for the new plan, its provisions run up against the intractable reality of an unresolved war. With three armies in the field—the Rhodesian security forces and the separate nationalist armies of Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, now fighting under the banner of the Patriotic Front—power in Rhodesia remains a question of who controls these forces. It may also be a question not subject to any immediate answer.

To give the Anglo-American proposals their due, they acknowledge that the armies are the nub of the matter. On September 1, British Foreign Minister David Owen said in a statement issued with the proposals, ". . . it is clear that the crucial issue now is law and order during the transition period and during independence." It is "a fundamental principle," Owen declared, that by the time of independence the new government of Zimbabwe

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"should have under its command one unified army. . . . On this principle there can be no compromise." Before getting to this point, however, the proposals exhibit some ingenious compromises.

The objective of the proposals is simple enough. It is to end the 1965 Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI) and initiate a peaceful transition to African majority government by the end of 1978 at the latest. The process is to start with an effective cease-fire. On the day that is achieved, a British-appointed Resident Commissioner will take office, to preside over a transition period of not more than six months. During that half-year the Resident Commissioner will administer the country, act as Commander in Chief of all armed forces in Rhodesia (including, presumably, the guerrilla forces) and conduct elections for a National Assembly and a President.

In the months of transition the primary responsibility for maintaining law and order will lie with the police force, which will be under the authority of the Resident Commissioner. Aiding them will be a newly established U.N. Zimbabwe force, whose role "may" include supervising the cease-fire, supporting the civil power, and "liaison" with all the existing armed forces. The role of the armies now existing in Rhodesia is left for further discussions prior to the transition period.

Which is one way of putting off a problem that cannot conveniently be solved. The proposals' outline for the transition period detours around the armed forces. With the police responsible for civil order and a U.N. force on hand to support them, the armies now in the field are left with no functions. The central role assigned to the largely unarmed police is clearly intended to reassure Rhodesian whites that "terrorists" will not be patrolling the streets of Salisbury.

The payoff for the nationalists is a promise contained in a statement Dr. Owen made after the proposals were presented to the British Parliament. It is that the Zimbabwe National Army (Zimbabwe is to be the new name of Rhodesia) will be "based on the liberation forces." From this one might conclude that the independent army would be largely composed of the present nationalist combat troops. But other statements by Owen largely negate the force of the promise. He closes the door a bit when he adds that the army will also include "acceptable" elements of the existing Rhodesian defense forces. The obvious question is, acceptable to whom? It is answered for the transition period by placing responsibility for the organization and recruitment of the army in the hands of the Resident Commissioner "in consultation with the parties concerned." Following elections, "the President-elect will make the decisions on the final structure and composition of the Zimbabwe National Army." In other words, any promise that the new army will be drawn from the liberation forces will have to be made good by whoever is in charge at the time. During the transition it's to be the British-appointed Resident Commissioner; after the one-man, one-vote elections, it's to be the President.

While this may sound like an eminently reasonable solution to a knotty problem, it contains a crucial defect: neither of the leaders of the two armies actively fighting in Rhodesia today is likely to end up as President of an independent Zimbabwe. Ian Smith's electoral potential scarcely merits comment. Robert Mugabe, whose Mozambique-based forces have been doing most of the fighting, is not well-known throughout Rhodesia. His Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) has admitted that it is far from consolidated politically and organizationally. Indeed, moderate African leaders have condemned the guerrillas in the past for their "negative, time-buying tactics." The Patriotic Front, which loosely joined Mugabe's forces with those of Joshua Nkomo, was founded only in October of last year.

At present the most conspicuous aspirant to the Presidency is neither a member of the Patriotic Front nor a supporter of the insurgency. He is the Rev. Abel Muzorewe, a Methodist bishop who gained widespread respect as a figure above politics when he led African opinion to reject the 1972 British proposals for resolving the Rhodesian crisis short of majority rule. He enjoys the support of most of the organized African groups (trade unions, business associations, churches and the country's largest grouping of tribes, the Shona). Muzorewe is seen as standing for reconciliation, a man whose interests are basically those of the urban-based middle-class African. It is on Muzorewe that Ian Smith bases any hope he has of reaching an "internal settlement" with moderate Africans.

Perhaps even more likely to wield actual political power in the long run is Joshua Nkomo, co-leader of the Patriotic Front. A shrewd politician, Nkomo's long history in nationalist politics has given him a slight taint of opportunism, a label his present militant stance has not completely dissolved. Though his tribal base is weak (he is a member of a relatively small tribe, the Ndebele), Nkomo's curious amalgam of support—Russian arms, Zambian and Organization of African Unity (OAU) support, and the funding by multinational corporations, for their own reasons of insurance—attest to the width of his political base.

If Nkomo wins the election, his Zambian-based forces would most likely supply the bulk of the new army. (Because of its lack of training and, skeptics allege, for possible use in post-independence conflicts, the Nkomo forces have not been doing much of the fighting.) If Muzorewe wins, new recruits as well as the black half of the present Rhodesian Army become the probable components of an independent army. Whoever he is, the new President will have to worry about the likelihood of a military coup. Betting on African armies to end up as the wielders of political power has been a pretty safe gamble in recent years, and no Zimbabwe President can be expected to train and arm the supporters of his recent opponents.

In the case, then, of either Muzorewe or Nkomo winning the top office, the result will be the same: both contending armies will be disarmed so that a third, vaguely defined force can take power. It is here that the Anglo-American plan begins to enter the realm of wishes. The

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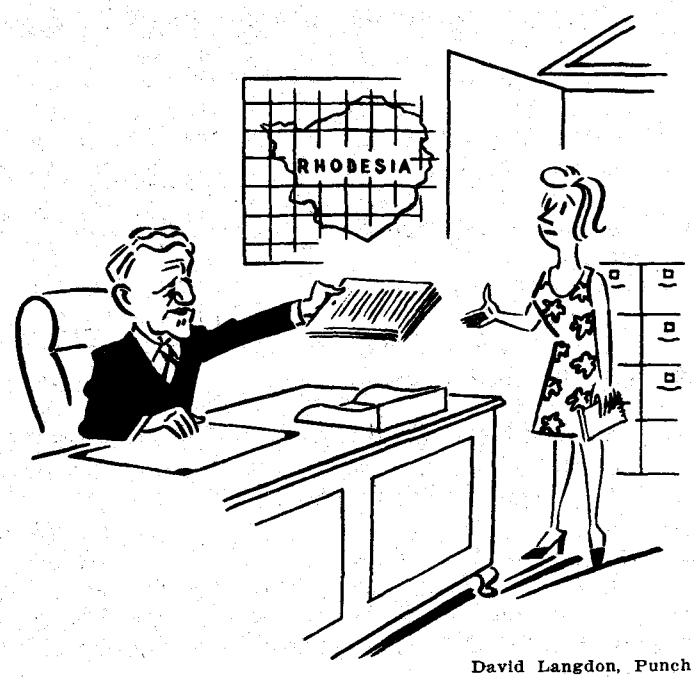
conflict is over power—who will rule—but the plan tries to take a liberal middle course that seems not to have a military or political base to support it. The introduction of a British-appointed Commissioner and a U.N. force aims to fill the gap. But who is to say that either the rewards of acceptance or the penalties of rejection are sufficient to move either side to coalesce behind the plan?

For the Europeans no bromides about judicially enforceable human rights can conceal the reality that they are being required to give up the political control they thought necessary to insure their privileged economic and social status. Each successive plan to end white-dominated independence—from the Wilson proposals, to the Peace Commission fiasco, to the Kissinger plan, to the present Anglo-American initiative—has seen the terms getting steadily worse for the Europeans. The latest plan not only calls for universal adult suffrage but establishes a single-chamber Parliament with no provision, other than twenty specially elected members, for a separate body to insure European representation.

It is not clear why Rhodesian whites should have any more confidence today in a procedure for the transfer of power over which they have little influence than they did in 1965 when they separated from Great Britain over this issue. The installation of Socialist African governments in the former Portuguese territories, while undercutting the capacity of the white Rhodesian community to hold on, has also reinforced its belief that it will not endure under a majority government—unless it be one installed under its own tutelage.

The farmers, small businessmen and civil servants supporting the Smith regime cannot be called unrealistic for expecting their position to resemble that of East African Asians should their political protection crumble. Except that it removes obvious negatives—the war and sanctions



David Langdon, Punch

"Could You Squeeze These Owen-Young Proposals in the File Along with the Bottomly, Douglas-Home, Pierce, Wilson, Goodman and Kissinger Lot?"

—there is very little in the plan for the bulk of the European community. At best, the proposals offer some of the whites, mainly multinational corporate interests that can Africanize their mid-level managements, an opportunity to place their interests under the political authority of a moderate African regime.

The penalties for the radical nationalists, should they accept the proposals, are less apparent but just as real. Acceptance would mean disbanding the guerrilla army and eventually an end to their organizing in the rural areas. A settlement of the war at this time would destroy any hope of building a militant peasant base on which a radical Left movement in an independent Zimbabwe must rest. (All indications, including reports of guerrillas, are that such a base does not yet exist.) Without that following, an attempt to contest an election against better-known, better-organized and better-financed representatives of urban, middle-class African opinion would be a disaster for the radicals. The plan itself may lead to a split in the guerrilla forces, with the more reformist elements following Nkomo in support of a colonial transition under British and U.N. management. Without a widespread popular base and the protection of their own forces, the radicals would be isolated and exposed to repression whenever an independent government decided to rid itself of the threat from the Left.

What the proposals do clarify are the U.S. and British attempts to install and stabilize a cooperative black regime in independent Zimbabwe. The British and Americans want to relegitimize Rhodesia, to establish a moderate and compliant black government acceptable to the states of the region and the world at large. That regime could, at best, represent a successful multiracial society and, at the least, offset the growth of radical governments on South Africa's borders. The present Smith government not only hinders attempts to combat Soviet inroads into the region; it also weakens in Zambia a friendly regime that presides over far more valuable foreign economic interests than does Rhodesia itself. Beyond this, American policy makers, looking at their own country, worry about the repercussions of African black-white violence on American domestic race relations.

Western assistance would flow in to a newly legitimate Rhodesia. That promise is made explicitly by the proposals, which offer a Zimbabwe Development Fund, financed to the tune of between $1 billion and $1.5 billion. It would be managed by the World Bank, would encourage foreign private investment and a "balanced economic and social development in Zimbabwe." The United States pledges up to some $520 million to the fund; the British would put in almost $130 million, as well as another $75 million in aid over five years. Other public and private donors would be encouraged to contribute.

However, none of these donors need reach for a checkbook right away. The Right and Left in Rhodesia remain polarized, and they are much stronger than any centrist position. Neither has much to gain from the Anglo-American plan; in fact, both can expect an implementation of the proposals to result in their political demise. The Rho-

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desian crisis may end when the Europeans accept the inevitability of their loss of direct power and opt to protect their interests under a moderate but independent nationalist regime acceptable to world opinion. Or it may end when an increasingly militant nationalist force has firmed up its hold on the rural peasantry, so that urban Africans are impelled to join this movement and the military situation becomes untenable for the Smith regime. Neither situation exists yet. The unresolved conflict that does exist makes it most likely that the Anglo-American plan will soon take its place on the growing shelf of unsuccessful formulas for ending the crisis in Rhodesia. □

'WE'RE GONNA GET OUR ASSES KICKED'

The Teamster Dissidents Mobilize

ROBERT H. HOLDEN

Cleveland

As nearly 400 dissident members of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters gathered in Cleveland on September 24 to lay plans for reforming the nation's largest and possibly most corrupt labor union, they were confronted by a disturbing but encouraging sight. Several hundred "loyal" union members, led by Ohio Teamster boss Jackie Presser, paraded past the convention site, attracting TV camera crews and denouncing the reformers as left-wing agitators bent on destroying the union. The scene suggested how big a task the reformers have set for themselves, as well as the alarm they have already aroused among the union leadership. "It shows the leadership is worried," exclaimed Doug Allan, a Teamster rebel from Los Angeles. "We must be a success!"

Allan's optimism seemed to be shared by a good many members of Teamsters for a Democratic Union (TDU), which met here for two days in its second annual convention. The meeting was the group's first major attempt since its founding a year ago in nearby Kent to work out its battle plan for unseating the Teamster leadership and transforming the boss-ridden organization into a democratic union. But even as they swore victory, the reformers acknowledged the formidable opposition they faced. Peter J. Camarata, the Detroit dockworker who is challenging the establishment in the home local of international President Frank Fitzsimmons, described the respect the hard-working TDU has already earned among Detroit Teamsters. "But it really was a battle, and it will be a battle. They won't give up easily, they won't walk away from their big salaries and their power. It's really like a war. If you make any changes in this country anywhere it will be a direct challenge to Fitzsimmons." Another TDU leader, Danny Kablack of Pittsburgh, told the reformers: "We're gonna get our asses kicked. But we're gonna win."

The Teamsters in Ohio, reacting to the presence in Cleveland of the TDU's national headquarters, have risen to the challenge with a redbaiting campaign and the assertion that "2.3 million Americans can't be wrong." In statements issued by its Cleveland public relations firm, Bellamy & Halbin, in off-the-record interviews with reporters, and in issue after issue of *The Ohio Teamster*, the union suggests that the TDU is controlled by leftist ideologues who receive support from abroad. One of its publicists told a reporter off the record that the reformers were "career ideologists" who "go to rallies for a free Africa and want higher welfare payments, stuff like that." One of the firm's press statements declared: "Unmasking their leadership affiliations with international leftist politics has shown the TDU to be rife with foreign ideologies who [*sic*] will not easily find a home for their philosophies in America. . . . Tactics most frequently associated with foreign leftist workers' groups have been promulgated by the TDU. . . . Are its agents working for and acting for political elements definitely outside of the American labor movement?" Redbaiting was the tactic adopted against TURF (Teamsters United Rank and File), a defunct group founded in 1971 to push for democracy and pension reform, and against PROD (Professional Drivers Council for Safety and Health), a Nader-inspired reform movement based in Washington that claims close to 5,000 Teamster members.

"This has been their most consistent form of attack," said Kenneth T. Paff, the Cleveland Heights truck driver who is national secretary of the TDU. "It's had a certain effectiveness, but it wears off." The attack intensified after Paff identified himself as a Socialist at a union meeting. "We do have a number of Socialists in the TDU, but Presser won't get down to specifics because he would only have about four names." Paff himself is a member of the International Socialists, which he describes as democratic socialist. But the tag hardly fits the body of the TDU membership, which numbers about 2,000 and is concentrated in western Pennsylvania, Michigan, the San Francisco Bay Area and Los Angeles. It grew out of Teamsters for a Decent Contract, formed in Chicago in 1975 to pressure the union into improving working conditions under the master freight agreement that was to expire in April 1976.

Running members for local office is a key element of the reformers' strategy, which is aimed at converting the TDU from a rank-and-file voice to a force that can begin to challenge the leadership at international conventions. While Paff does not expect to defeat the established leadership at the next convention, set for 1981, he hopes that the movement will be a significant voice for change that will serve as a rallying force for a

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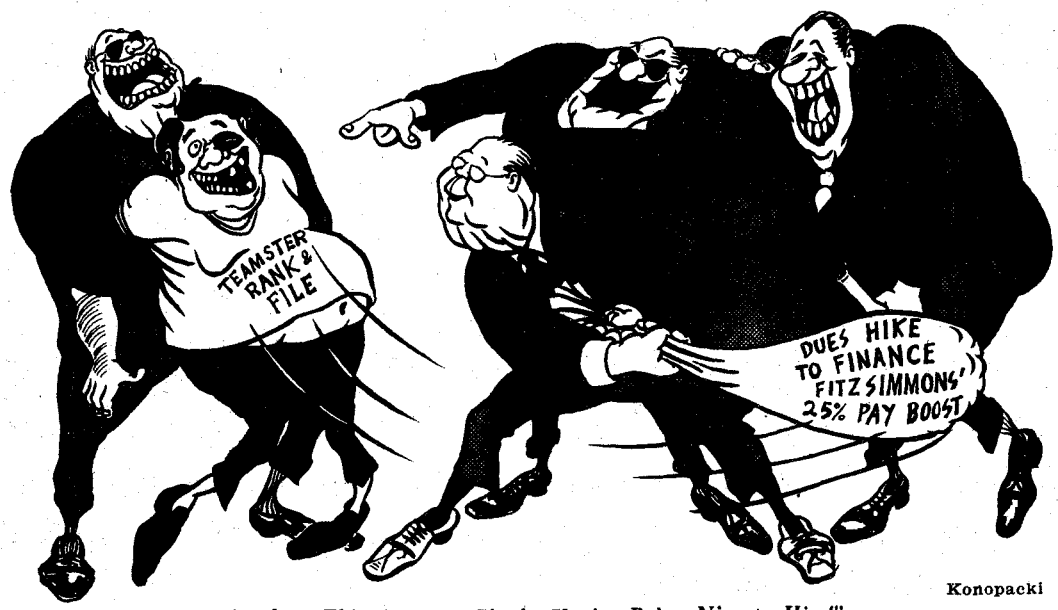
growing number of Teamsters. To back up its struggle in the locals, the TDU has assembled a nationwide "legal network" of seventy-five lawyers and a legal defense and education fund of $30,000 granted by the Stern Fund of New York. The lawyers say they have already won court victories in Detroit, where the union was forced to readmit Camarata and another TDU activist whom it had expelled, and in Cleveland, where a federal judge affirmed the right of reformers to distribute literature and speak at union meetings.

The single most important reform would be the direct election of international officers, who are now the objects of such ridicule and contempt, Paff thinks, that none of them could win office if they were forced to seek votes outside the rigged conventions. The TDU also seeks the right to elect business agents and pension board members. The grievance procedure, a process that frequently fails to protect Teamsters because the union too often ends up by backing the employer, is another source of widespread dissatisfaction, along with the notoriously corrupt pension funds. Nepotism, the exorbitant salaries of union officers, and sweetheart deals with employers that result in a regression in working conditions are among the targets of the reformers. At one time, Paff pointed out, the Teamsters' rank and file could answer the critics of corruption and high living among union officers by saying that "Hoffa might get his, but he's protecting our jobs and delivering our wages." That alibi won't work today. "Now they're ripping us off, stealing our money, putting gangsters on the payroll and we're not getting anything," Paff said.

Detroit, the home of former president Jimmy Hoffa as well as Fitzsimmons, is a TDU stronghold. Camarata claims wide respect in Michigan for his open challenges to the international leadership at last year's convention in Las Vegas. He is running for vice president of the 14,000-member Local 299 on a platform unique among Teamster candidates. Union officers, he believes, should earn no more than they can negotiate for their members, a policy he plans to adopt if elected. A shop steward for seven of his ten years in the union, Camarata, 31, received the highest number of votes among Local 299 nominees for convention delegate last year. Unprepared for a union convention where the action was carefully staged, Camarata naively polled his co-workers on the issues they wanted him to raise at the convention. "Little did I know that bringing up stuff on the floor of the convention could mean your butt. I submitted my motions in advance and found that none of them were printed in the resolution book, and so they couldn't be brought up on the floor. I could only propose amendments, and every time I got to the mike I got booed and intimidated. People said they really admired me for doing this, and I said, 'What's there to be afraid of?'" He had time to ponder the answer to that one while being treated in a hospital for injuries he suffered after being beaten up by loyalist delegates outside the convention.

Simply winning local elections, TDU knows, will not itself clear the path to reform. The winners will have to protect themselves from attempts to force them out of office on specious charges. Jack Vlahovic, a recent convert to TDU who challenged the local establishment and won, was expelled in August from his post as secretary-treasurer of Local 213 in Vancouver, B.C., Canada's largest Teamster local with 10,000 members. Elected in January on a rank-and-file opposition slate with President Norm Wilkinson and trustee Jim Blomfield, Vlahovic was forced out in a union "trial" orchestrated by Ed Lawson, an international vice president and director of the Canadian Conference of Teamsters. Claiming wide backing among the members who elected him, Vlahovic is appealing his expulsion within the union and before the courts of British Columbia. Supporters of the three rebels were able to collect more than 1,000 signatures on a petition that helped convince the provincial government to squash a paper local founded by the Teamsters to weaken the dissidents' power base in Local 213. The TDU voted to back Vlahovic's struggle for reinstatement by circulating petitions to President



Konopacki

"Look at This Guy; He Thinks You're Being Nice to Him!"

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Fitzsimmons asking him to drop the charges against Vlahovic.

One potential weakness of a strategy that relies too heavily on running reformers for local office is that the movement may find itself abandoned by leaders who use it to advance their own careers. That, say the TDU leaders, was the mistake that killed TURF, their predecessor in the reform struggle. "We want to keep ours a real grass-roots movement that runs people on the issues," Paff said. "We want to make sure they are committed right from start, that they'll stand up against the international and Fitzsimmons and his policies."

TDU shares the field of Teamster reform with PROD, the outgrowth of a conference for long-distance drivers, sponsored by Ralph Nader in 1971. The TDU welcomed PROD's recent switch of emphasis from lobbying and court suits to grass-roots organization, and expects to cooperate with it. PROD's new strategy grew out of its belated realization that real reform can take place only if the rank and file organize from the bottom up to gain control of their union, said Steve Early, PROD's staff lawyer, who attended the TDU convention. With a $100,000 budget, collected entirely through membership dues and literature sales, and a five-person staff, PROD's greater resources and experience in Washington make up for its weak local organization. "There's enough room for twenty reform groups," Early insisted, pointing out that PROD's strength in the semi-rural lower Midwest and the South complements TDU's power in the big cities. Moreover, one-third of the TDU national steering committee of fifteen persons—including Paff—are PROD members.

In August, PROD forced the Teamsters' general executive board to agree to hear charges that Fitzsimmons allowed excessive salaries for union officials, hired relatives and mobsters, and failed to dismiss officials linked to known racketeers. The group has also predicted that Fitzsimmons will soon be forced out of office and succeeded by Jackie Presser, one of sixteen vice presidents on the international executive board. If so, Presser's appearance on the picket line that Saturday morning, and his panicky press campaign against the reformers, suggest that the "agents" of the TDU—convening just two blocks from Presser's office—may indeed have the leadership badly worried. Presser inherited all his power from his father, William, the retiring president of the Ohio Conference of Teamsters and of Joint Council 41, and he enjoys a salary of close to $200,000 a year. Those are two good reasons for him to question his own standing among the union's rank and file. □

THE LAW MOVES AT LAST

The Birmingham Bombing of 1963

BILL CORNWELL

Robert Edward Chambliss, a grizzled, fiery little man known affectionately as "Dynamite Bob" to his old buddies in the Ku Klux Klan, was just about to leave for a Masonic lodge meeting when the sheriff's deputies arrived at his North Birmingham home on September 26. The 73-year-old retired automobile mechanic never made it to his meeting; he wound up instead in the Jefferson County Jail, charged with four counts of first-degree murder stemming from the 1963 bombing of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. The arrest came fourteen years and eleven days after four young black girls died instantly in the explosion at the packed church on a gray, overcast Sunday morning. Dynamite Bob is the first person to be charged with the crime but, according to Alabama Atty. Gen. Bill Baxley, he won't be the last. In fact, Baxley has all but assured the public that more indictments are forthcoming. He has said little more than that.

Understandably, these developments have raised questions. After so many years, it is being asked, what has happened to break the case now? Has new evidence been found; if so, what is it? To many, the overriding concern is not the evidence but Baxley's reason for pursuing the sensational case. Everyone knows he has been running for Governor since he was elected Attorney General in 1970 at the age of 28. Also, there are troubling signs that the case threatens to reopen old racial wounds in a city still scarred by its brutal past.

The case, thus, has implications reaching far beyond the obvious concern of convicting and punishing the guilty. The city of Birmingham, the Alabama judicial system, the uneasy truce between the races, and even Bill Baxley himself will go on trial along with Chambliss. "I think we are going to find out a lot about ourselves and about how far we have come," predicts one longtime Birmingham politician. "God knows what will happen if this investigation falls through or is mishandled as it was in 1963." For these reasons, two questions deserve close scrutiny.

Why has it taken fourteen years for something to be done? This, of course, is the question that goes to the heart of the case. If new evidence has been uncovered, it almost certainly is in the form of a witness who, having remained silent all these years, has now decided that he should come forward. But even this proposition is not as simple as it might seem. Under Alabama law, a defendant cannot be found guilty solely on the testimony of an accomplice. To obtain a conviction, the prosecu-

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tion must present evidence corroborating the accomplice's testimony. There has been speculation that one of the men involved in the bombing has weakened and will be given immunity in exchange for his testimony. That seems unlikely, but if it is so, who or what is the corroborating evidence?

This becomes an even trickier question when you consider that physical evidence in the case is said to be practically nonexistent, most of it having been destroyed in the explosion. The dynamite is gone; the timing device was blown to bits along with it. And beyond those two things it is improbable that much physical evidence ever existed.

Baxley has gained access only recently to all of the FBI's files on the case. This information was useless to the bureau, since the federal statute of limitations for crimes related to the bombing had expired. Nevertheless, most of these files were withheld for years from Alabama investigators. Various explanations have been given for the FBI's conduct. (The bureau will not comment on the matter.) Some say the FBI did not trust Alabama authorities because of the incompetence displayed by the state police at the time of the bombing. Others believe the FBI wanted to protect the informants named in its files. And there are those who suspect the bureau feared leaks from the files about questionable tactics it employed against the Klan in the early 1960s. One former FBI informant told a Senate committee that he was instructed by the bureau to sleep with the wives of Klansmen as a means to learn about the group's activities in Birmingham. Homes, telephones and automobiles belonging to Klan members were bugged by the FBI in Birmingham, this ex-informant also stated.

Although the evidence compiled by the FBI is surely valuable, one man who had access to it thinks it would not be crucial to securing convictions. Macon Weaver, U.S. Attorney in Birmingham in 1963, says that if the FBI's files are the foundation on which Baxley is building his case, convictions are doubtful.

The only solid clue to what the prosecution will present came from Alabama's Deputy Atty. Gen. George Beck, who said the case against Chambliss will involve a witness with first-hand knowledge of the bombing. It is also worth remembering that Baxley has been criticized in the past for prosecuting only open-and-shut cases.

For the moment, and naturally enough, Baxley isn't saying what evidence he has. A person who has been intimately associated with the investigation—one with no close personal ties to Baxley—recently told me: "Bill Baxley is going to come out of this thing looking *very* good."

Is Baxley's case based on political considerations? This question probably can be answered only after the trials. If Baxley presents strong cases (assuming that other indictments come down) it seems unlikely that he could be accused of pursuing the church bombing for political gain. But if the cases prove weak, Baxley could be in for some tough questioning about his motives. Alabama will elect a new Governor next year (George Wallace, by law, cannot seek a new term), and the lists are already crowded: Baxley, Lieut. Gov. Jere Beasley, former Gov. Albert Brewer, former state Supreme Court Justice Howell Heflin and numerous lesser figures are rumored to be considering campaigns for the office.

Complicating the picture is George Wallace—or rather his absence. Since 1962, Wallace has so totally dominated Alabama politics that no one knows what to expect in the next gubernatorial election. Wallace apparently will go to the U.S. Senate, replacing John Sparkman, who at 77 is not expected to seek re-election next year. Alabama politics without Wallace is something few have contemplated. Therefore, the next Governor's race promises to be one of the roughest, dirtiest and most competitive in the state's recent history. The field is wide open, and every potential candidate is desperately seeking an early advantage.

If Baxley could solve the church bombing, he almost certainly would receive a large percentage of the black vote. In fact, he may not even need to convict anyone. One black newspaper has already hailed the Attorney General for obtaining an indictment. In an editorial headlined "A Giant Called Bill Baxley," the newspaper enthusiastically threw its weight behind his candidacy. And Baxley hasn't even formally announced his intentions.

Baxley's political acumen has never been questioned. He knows the stakes involved in the bombing case, and he knows how vital solid black support is now in Alabama, where blacks are just beginning to make their numbers felt at the polls.

However, Baxley must also realize that, by pursuing the bombing, he stands to alienate the hard-core redneck vote, a segment of the electorate which, though declining in strength, still carries weight. "If Baxley is doing this for his political advantage, I believe he is taking a calculated risk," observes Richard Arrington, a black Birmingham City Councilman. "You must remember that there are a lot of people in this state who don't really care if this bombing is solved and someone is brought to justice. I have some questions in my mind about the timing of the indictment, but I just cannot believe that this is purely politics."

Baxley is fully aware of the strong racial feelings that still permeate the state. He has become a close associate of George Wallace, but that seems to be his major concession to the racist element. Otherwise, he flaunts his contempt for the right-wing crazies who still abound in the Deep South.

Last year, Baxley received a letter from Edward Fields, a Georgia chiropractor well known for his outlandish racist rhetoric, criticizing the Attorney General's office for prosecuting some Ku Klux Klansmen. Baxley responded with a neatly typed letter on his official office stationery. "Dear 'Dr.' Fields," Baxley wrote, "My response to your letter of February 19, 1976 is: Kiss my ass." Fields reacted like an insulted schoolgirl, crying that he was "shocked" Baxley would dare to send such a letter to a "white Christian American." Probably, a good many Alabamans agreed with him.

The investigation has been low-keyed and it would be virtually impossible for any of Baxley's responsible critics to point to anything that smacks of sensationalism or political theatrics. Most of the criticism has come from

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the Ku Klux Klan and J.B. Stoner, an avowed white supremacist from Georgia who was indicted recently for another racially motivated Birmingham bombing, a 1958 church bombing in which no one was injured. (Alabama law recognizes no statute of limitations on the bombing of a building near an inhabited dwelling. Conviction on this charge carries a sentence of ten years to death.)

A group of Klansmen recently marched through downtown Birmingham, carrying placards denouncing the "harassment" of "innocent white people," and shouting "Stop Baxley!" "It's all political," said Alabama Grand Dragon Don Black of the indictments of Stoner and Chambliss. "[Baxley] wants to be Governor."

The Klan is particularly outraged that Dynamite Bob's bond was set at $200,000. Chambliss is a Klansman's Klansman. In the late 1940s, he lost his job as a mechanic with the city of Birmingham after he had smashed a reporter's camera at a Klan rally. Just to prove that he hadn't lost any of his vim and vigor, Chambliss last August attacked a black television cameraman who tried to film him outside the grand jury room of the Birmingham courthouse. It took two bailiffs to pull him off the cameraman. Anyone who was present that day can attest that, at 73, Dynamite Bob still throws a mean right-cross.

Stoner's assessment of Baxley's motives is vivid: "He is nothing but a sore-headed nigger-lover who is trying to get the nigger bloc vote when he runs for Governor." Baxley replied by giving Stoner some unsolicited legal advice: "If he really wants to beat this charge, he ought to plead insanity. I'm sure he'd have no trouble at all proving that he's crazy as hell."

Klan marches and racial slurs are all too familiar to most Birmingham residents. For a city that only fourteen years ago was known worldwide as "Bombingham," the experience is most unpleasant. There is one striking difference now, however. The black population no longer cowers in silence.

The Birmingham Times, the city's most influential black newspaper, ran a front-page editorial written by editor John Streeter that paralleled the racist excesses of the white press years earlier. Published just days after Chambliss's arrest, the editorial called for his electrocution "and in a hurry." The final paragraph read "Chambliss is 73 years old and is said to be sick. But old and sick or not, his life should be at least partial payment for the lives of those small children. It's quite understandable that the parents of the girls wouldn't consider taking the life of an old wrinkle-faced, ugly white man like Chambliss as anything near compensation for their children. But the old rascal should be electrocuted and surely the black community will settle for nothing less."

How accurately that editorial reflects the black community's feelings is debatable. Black City Councilman Richard Arrington asserts that there is no "lynch-mob mentality among the blacks." He sees the editorial as nothing more than a personal statement: "Those were just John's thoughts on the subject." Still, the editorial—racist and irresponsible though it was—has not prompted a peep of protest from *The Times*'s readers.

One black man, though, who most certainly disagrees with the call for blood is Claude A. Wesley, a 69-year-old retired elementary school principal who, like Chambliss, lives on Birmingham's Northside. It was just over fourteen years ago that Wesley carefully spread some papers on the front seat of his automobile so that his daughter, Cynthia, wouldn't soil the fresh, white dress she had chosen to wear that Sunday to the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church.

Earlier that morning, Cynthia had acknowledged that she didn't feel well. But it was Youth Day at the church, and Cynthia, an active 14-year-old, decided that occasion was more important than a slightly upset stomach. "I've got a full day today," she told her father as they washed the breakfast dishes.

Claude Wesley has tried to remember what he and his daughter talked about as they drove to the church; much to his regret, he cannot. He remembers dropping her off at the church and watching her run into the building. It was the last time he saw her alive. Minutes later, Wesley was having his shoes shined about two blocks away when a tremendous explosion broke the Sunday morning quiet. Later that day, Wesley was led into a dimly lit hospital room, where four small bodies lay covered with white sheets. As a doctor prepared to pull one of the sheets back, Wesley recoiled. "No," he pleaded, "please, I don't want to see." Gently, Wesley reached under the sheet and pulled his daughter's hand into view. He identified her by a class ring she was wearing.

"Not a day goes by that I don't think about it," Wesley said not long after Chambliss was arrested. "But I have no hate or bitterness, and I have no feelings toward this gentleman they have arrested. If he did it, he will be taken care of, if they can prove he really did it."

He refuses to join those who are second-guessing every move made in the investigation. For Claude Wesley, the mere fact of the indictment is comforting. "We had to wonder if anything was going to be done. The FBI told us the week of the bombing that it would be a very difficult task to solve this case. This kind of thing is difficult to deal with. You go along and nobody seems to care, but it looks like somebody does care and that they have been working on this for a long time and we didn't even know it."

Despite the tragedy and the apparent reluctance of the authorities in the past to solve the crime, Wesley and his wife, Gertrude, never considered leaving Birmingham. "What good would that have done? Why should we have left?" he asks. "People like that [those who bombed the church] just got lost somehow. I don't think they really knew what they were doing. Besides, Cynthia is here. We could never leave her. So we stayed." □

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PERU RUNS OUT OF CREDIT

Left-Wing Junta vs. the Bankers

DAN FREEDMAN and CLIFFORD KRAUSS

For approximately a decade, Peru has been ruled by that most paradoxical of governments—a left-wing military junta. Now it seems not impossible that the paradox is about to be forcibly resolved—directly by internal strains, but indirectly by pressure from the international banks.

The winter that has just ended in Peru was marked by continuous strikes, demonstrations and violence. A twenty-four-hour general strike that crippled Lima on July 19 led to mass arrests, mass firings and at least six deaths. Miners in the central Andean highlands spent a good part of the winter on strike, while in Huancayo, demonstrators sabotaged a hydroelectric plant and blocked roads with boulders. Outside Arequipa, students ripped apart sections of the Southern Peru railway in support of striking railroad workers.

This state of insurrection stems from a problem that is increasingly becoming the dominant theme of relations between the industrialized and the underdeveloped segments of the world—debt. In a recent issue of *Foreign Affairs*, David O. Beim, executive vice president of the Export-Import Bank, cited studies that put the combined indebtedness of eighty-six LDCs (less-developed countries) at between $180 billion and $250 billion. Beim placed Peru on a list of eight nations that collectively owe 80 percent of that figure. And a *Wall Street Journal* story concluded that Peru is "the biggest problem for U.S. bankers" of all the debtor nations.

This year the ruling military junta must come up with $250 million to keep up interest payments on its overall debt of $4.5 billion, a feat that can be accomplished only by borrowing more money. However, foreign bankers to a man say they won't advance Peru another dollar until the generals make a deal with the International Monetary Fund and swallow the harsh medicine of IMF monetary and fiscal policy. In essence, the bankers are telling Peru to follow a classically conservative economic course: the IMF has demanded that Peru end government deficit spending, continue devaluing its currency unit, the sol, and stop inflation by controlling domestic demand—or suffer the severe political consequences of default.

The junta has already instituted many of these policies in an attempt to show the Western bankers that it merits their trust. Since the summer of 1976, the government has cut spending by 8 percent, devalued the sol by 44 percent, reduced its subsidy to the state oil and gas monopoly, Petroperu, and enforced a wage and hiring freeze of sorts. For the average Peruvian, the generals' "belt tightening" means higher prices for all essentials, often with no compensating wage increases. It was the announcement this winter as well as in 1976 of new rounds of austerity measures that brought Peruvians into the streets.

Why Peru? Of all the impoverished nations of the Third World, why is Peru in such trouble? Explanations vary from *Business Week*'s rather standard charge that a "spending binge by a leftist military regime" has brought the nation to financial ruin, to *The Wall Street Journal*'s more charitable assertion that "Peru's luck ran out" when investment gambles such as the trans-Andean pipeline didn't pay off.

A satisfactory explanation is the harder to reach because it is so difficult to define in political terms the 1968 revolution of Gen. Juan Velasco Alvarado. The surprising phenomenon of a left-wing military junta has left many social critics in an analytical quandary: where do you place a revolution whose slogan is "*ni comunismo, ni capitalismo*"? Is it a revolution at all? Julio Cotler, a Peruvian sociologist, compares the 1968 coup to Europe's 19th-century bourgeois revolutions; Fidel Castro has said that for the military to lead a revolution was like a fire starting in a firehouse. Whatever the explanation, the needs of Velasco's peculiar revolution led Peru into a new kind of relationship with Western capital; one that has produced the present crisis.

After overthrowing a foundering civilian regime, General Velasco nationalized the holdings of several foreign corporations (including Exxon, Gulf, ITT and Anaconda) and forced terms more favorable to Peru on those that stayed behind or entered for the first time. He established a policy of "economic pluralism," based on the coexistence of private, government-controlled and worker-owned enterprises. Led by the large public corporations—Mineroperu in minerals, Siderperu in steel, Pesceperu in fish, Petroperu in oil—the economy took its great leap forward. Government investment in public works rose from $639.4 million in 1969 to $1.9 billion in 1974.

The goal was simple enough: a self-sufficient economy with "Producto Peruano" appearing on as many goods as possible. Velasco envisioned a nation free from foreign domination, yet he proceeded to finance Peru's independence with funds from the main historical source of that domination: some 400 Western creditors, including the largest banks of the United States, Europe and Japan.

This process of Peruvianization called for investments in diversified areas—from a plant to manufacture newsprint out of sugar cane residue, to factories for processing anchovies into fish meal. Between 1975 and 1977, foreign money accounted for $3 billion of public investment in Peru—a little more than half the total. Peru, determined to break the stranglehold of foreign capital, in effect made sure that its grip would continue.

Up to 1974, and despite the "socialistic" overtones of Velasco's programs, bankers considered Peru a good risk

Dan Freedman and Clifford Krauss, both professional journalists, traveled throughout Peru as a reporting team last June and July.

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and willingly lent increasing amounts of capital. At that time, it made good business sense to lend Peru money: Eurodollar reserves were at an all-time high, and the industrialized nations were grappling with periodic recessions that discouraged the floating of new loans. Besides, due to the greater risk involved, banks could make Peru pay interest rates 1.5 percent above those for developed countries. Peru's exports were rising at a healthy 8.5 percent a year between 1965 and 1974, and a foreign-exchange shortage seemed unlikely.

Peru's debt squeeze began in 1974 when the soaring cost of imported oil and food contributed to a balance of trade deficit of $388 million—the first such deficit since 1967. The country's expenditures for foreign oil rose from $56.5 million to $224.5 million, though the amount of oil imported increased only slightly. The four-fold jump in oil import costs accounted for more than a third of the difference between the 1973 trade surplus of $31 million and the 1974 deficit of $388 million. Higher fuel costs throughout the world also contributed to price increases of imported and capital goods, and they in turn helped to swing Peru's trade balance.

Peru was actually more fortunate than most Third World countries because the international prices of Peru's principal exports, sugar, fish meal and copper, were high through most of 1974. However, by the end of that year, prices of sugar were falling toward an all-time low. Meanwhile, a change in the Humboldt current severely reduced the anchovy catch of Peruvian fishermen, lowering fish meal export receipts by $143 million in 1975.

The 1975 trade deficit proved to be three times as large as the 1974 figure: $1.1 billion. The external debt rose above $3 billion, nearly twice what Peru had owed only two years earlier. As foreign exchange began to dwindle with export earnings, Peru received more than $700 million in loans from foreign creditors—an increase of its external debt by nearly 35 percent.

Under growing pressure to act decisively, Velasco embarked on a plan to turn Peru's fledgling oil industry into an OPEC-sized operation. He announced that, with completion of the trans-Andean pipeline, the country could pump enough oil from its northeastern jungle to become not only self-sufficient but also a major exporter. Money earned from surplus oil exports could be used to pay off creditors and press on with the revolution.

What might have been a solution to many of Peru's problems only succeeded in exacerbating them. Between 1971 and 1977, Peru spent $670 million ($330 million from the Japan Development Corp. alone) on the oil gamble. So far a substantial quantity of oil has yet to flow out of the newly completed pipeline, though Occidental Petroleum scientists once claimed that few oil projects were potentially more profitable.

Oil prices and pipelines were not the only drains of foreign exchange. Peru, buckling under intense pressure from Washington, borrowed $250 million to pay compensation for expropriated American corporations, among them Exxon, Cerro de Pasco mining, Marcona mining, W.R. Grace and H.J. Heinz.

Thus, 1975 proved to be a turning point for the revolution. With export prices plummeting, import prices rising and the world banking community growing more

Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

Poor Risk

insistent by the hour, the military finally lost confidence in Velasco. In August, Gen. Francisco Morales Bermudez led a coup that turned Velasco out of office. Bankers and diplomats breathed a sigh of relief; the old spendthrift was gone and the new *Presidente* Bermudez, a former minister of finance under Velasco, seemed to offer hope that Peru would finally live within its means.

Now the bankers went on the offensive. Peru was declared a decidedly poor risk; the days of easy credit were over. Government deficits, coupled with higher food and oil prices, had propelled the inflation rate from 20 to 35 percent between 1974 and 1976. Before any more credit would be advanced, Bermudez would have to show that his government could repay its loans.

Peru entered the era of austerity in July 1976, when a banking consortium that included Citibank, Morgan Guaranty Trust and Chase Manhattan among others, hedged on a request for $240 million. They acceded to it only after Bermudez implemented a cutting spree that included lowering government subsidies and a devaluation that almost overnight raised the exchange rate from 45 to 65 soles to the dollar. In a matter of weeks, prices for basic foodstuffs rose between 11 and 57 per cent, depending on the product. The popular response was rioting and strikes in Lima, Chimbote and Trujillo.

Requiring yet another $250 million in 1977, Peru returned to the banks only to be referred to the IMF and its stringent conditions. Bermudez appointed Walter Piazza Tanguis as Peru's new Finance Minister on May 20, a move that appeared to signal Peru's willingness to deal with the IMF. Piazza had been president of the Peruvian Institute of Business, where he had lobbied for

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reduced government spending. One American banker in Lima called Piazza "Peru's only hope."

Piazza's June 10th austerity program seemed to fit IMF specifications: another gas price increase, more cuts in government subsidies, etc. The popular response to this year's program matched that of last year. In addition to strikes by miners and railroad workers, student demonstrations shut down every major university in the nation. The government responded with mass arrests, tear gas and, in some cases, bullets.

The revolt of students last June at the Universidad de San Cristobal de Huamanga in Ayacucho was perhaps typical of the campus uprisings. The students barricaded themselves within the university as the helmeted Guardia Civil, riding in trucks with machine guns mounted on top, converged on the site. Earlier in the day, the police had waded into the demonstrators and dragged them away. Now they simply shot tear gas through open windows and down the streets. Throughout the afternoon, the Guardia Civil fired tear gas wherever a crowd of more than three assembled. The students chanted *"abajo la represion, abajo el Fondo"* ("down with repression, down with the Fund").

Unwilling to risk the further social upheaval that adherence to the IMF prescriptions would almost certainly produce, the Cabinet forced Piazza to resign on July 8. The Peruvian Government now hopes the Carter administration will help it get better terms from the IMF (the United States remains the IMF's most powerful member). "If the Carter administration is really concerned about human rights, it will stop the IMF from creating another Chile or Argentina in Peru," said one official in the Department of Planning. Discussions between the IMF and Peru resumed soon after Piazza left office, according to an IMF negotiator in Washington who refused any further comment on the Peruvian debt situation.

As in most Latin American nations, stability is a traditional obsession of Peru's military. When they undertook to create a modern state, the generals observed, first, that Peru would never achieve political stability without an economic infrastructure capable of supporting it, and second, that if those with power and privilege didn't act to forge a modern Peru, those without it would. The military's experience of putting down a jungle-based guerrilla movement in 1965 drove home this second point. But rather than suppress the policies and ideas represented by the guerrillas and other leftists (as happened in Argentina, Chile and Brazil) the Peruvian generals embraced them, as being the fastest and most efficient ways to create infrastructure. Only through a social revolution strictly supervised by the military could Peru ever free itself from the threat of "anti-Christian" forces. At the same time, the revolution did offer Peruvians a genuine opportunity to break the domination of colonialists and native oligarchs that dates back to the 16th century.

But having disavowed a set ideology as antithetical to the "uniquely" Peruvian revolution, the military had no way to anticipate the contradictions that would arise from dealing with Western banks. In a sense, given their political predisposition, they had little choice but to do what they did. Following either Chinese or Cuban revolutionary models was obviously out of the question. The banks seemed willing to lend money with few questions asked; so, as long as Peru's "luck" held, there would be no problems. But without a diversified economy (copper, sugar and fish meal are the primary sources of foreign exchange), it was only a matter of time before the luck ran out.

As bankers gain influence in the political as well as technical structure of Peru's economy, more and more of the revolution's modest achievements are disappearing. The Comunidad Industrial (whereby private sector workers could come to own 50 percent of their company), and the completely worker-owned social property sector have been substantially "reduced." According to banking logic, these forms of ownership deterred foreign capital and private investment, both needed by Peru for economic growth. An investor could not be expected to put money into an enterprise where workers would have an equal position in the corporate board room. Under the new Comunidad law, workers may receive no more than 33 percent of a company's "non-voting preferred" shares.

In addition, more than forty planned social property projects have been shelved, extensive new blocks of potential oil fields in the jungle have been put up for exploitation by Western oil interests (with contract terms more favorable than before), and the state-owned fishing fleet has been returned to private hands.

Some bright spots survive, however. Along Peru's coastal valleys and high on the central plateaus, evidence of the junta's aggressive land-reform policy is abundant. The emblem of the peasant-owned cooperatives—two pine trees enclosed in a circle above the words *"Propiedad de los Trabajadores"* ("Property of the Workers")—is seen often along country roads. The coastal sugar plantations, once the domains of the powerful export oligarachy, are now the property of factory and field workers.

Yet the revolution has failed even to touch the lives of a great many Peruvians. By 1974, the height of the revolution, the junta had managed to organize only 15 percent of the rural labor force into cooperatives. And only 4.5 percent of private sector workers were in the Comunidad Industrial.

The long heritage of poverty can best be observed in Lima's *pueblos jovenes,* shantytowns made of adobe brick and tar paper where mangy dogs and other animals pick through uncollected garbage piled on dusty, unpaved streets. While unemployment is not a problem, underemployment runs to 45 percent of the population. For a living, many Peruvians sell merchandise on the streets: anything—mothballs, coat hangers, individual cigarettes, skewers of lamb *antecuchos.* One man walks the length of fashionable Avenida Arequipa selling tea bags and toilet paper, door to door. With gasoline subsidies lowered because of the crisis, shantytown dwellers now have to pay 20 percent more in bus fares to reach wealthy Lima neighborhoods where they scavenge the refuse of the rich. For these people, the few crumbs the junta's revolution might have provided will now probably never arrive. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Poetry and Affirmation

RESPONSES: Prose Pieces, 1953-1976. *By Richard Wilbur. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 238 pp. $3.95.*

CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

In spring of 1966 there was a symposium on the arts at the College of Wooster, in Wooster, Ohio. My assigned topic was something like "Poetry and the Pursuit of Significance," but I misheard it as given on the telephone, and so wrote as follows.

What Wilbur wrote was 24 pages on "Poetry and Happiness," defining what poetry is and does in an essay so supple, so unpretentious in its felicity of organization and phrase, that we may too easily overlook its depth and range. It is characteristic of Richard Wilbur that this telephonic fortuity should become for him an opportunity to define his most serious understanding of the poetic enterprise. What other poet writing today would be likely so to mishear his assignment, and thus modestly and glancingly comment on his contemporaries' heavy investment in agony?

The literature of unsuccess has always contravened the normal economic rule that what's rare is what's most valued. The poetry of happiness is so much rarer than the poetry of misery, self-pity, and the vanity of human wishes that we may suspect that it must be harder to write. "If fictive music fails your lyre, confess," remarks Wilbur elsewhere—"But not, of course, to any happiness." In life and art, tragedy upstages comedy, just as if there weren't a lot more of it. Comedy, as Wilbur shows us in his discussion of Molière, has important things to tell us about the prerequisites of happy endings, both fictional and real. But there are a hundred considerations of tragedy to one of comedy, and happy endings are devalued in serious criticism, except, of course, in Shakespeare, to whom all things are allowed. What we can accept in Fra Angelico and Mozart we somehow grudge when we encounter it in words, perhaps because it threatens to expose our own proud glumness as more willful than we care to think it.

It is significant that recurring words in reviews of Wilbur's own poetry are "felicity" and "grace," and that they commonly introduce praise which is carefully kept faint. Both are words whose religious meaning has been trivialized. It is evident from this prose collection, as it should be from his poetry, that Wilbur's grace and felicity are not the lucky side effects of brilliance and privilege but earned and profoundly moral qualities, sustained by a faith as real as Eliot's and Auden's, though less explicit. Of *Tartuffe*, Wilbur writes how the play shows "the invincibility of the natural and the sane," "the triumphant demonstration of life's (or Nature's) irrepressibility." "Therefore choose life," is Scripture's weighted imperative. The choice is not seen as easy. Certainly it is easier to proclaim that the natural and the sane are everywhere repressed and conquered. In literature as in life, affirmation must be willed, chosen. To be able to will it—I think Wilbur would say—is not our luck but our business.

Wilbur, at any rate, has chosen not to make his encounters with agony central to his work. Anyone, after all, can claim *those*. Are we not—Tolstoy to the contrary—as intensely ourselves in our happiness as in our misery? Wilbur's poetic choice—not without risk—has been to confess to happiness. And in this modestly titled volume of "Responses" to occasions over twenty-five years, he has given us a criticism of affirmation and praise, grace and felicity.

The title is carefully chosen. Wilbur stands with those who (as he says in his Molière essay) respond to life and do not coerce it. He welcomes the occasion and responds to its demands, which range here from a Voice of America broadcast to a town of Amherst Bicentennial celebration. In "Poetry and Happiness" he distinguishes "poetry as an inventory of external reality"—the poetry of responsiveness—and "poetry as discovery and projection of the self." He sees as fundamental the "cataloguing impulse" of the first, the impulse of Whitman and Hopkins's "Pied Beauty," which impels "an articulate relishing and mastery of phenomena in general," "a longing to possess the whole world, and to praise it, or at least to feel it." The second kind of poetry is that which the poet creates, as Yeats said, "lock, stock, and barrel out of his bitter soul," in which the world is "instrumental," and "persons, things, actions, and ideas are only means to externalizing the states of the poet's heart." Wilbur knows the two kinds interpenetrate, but his affinity is clearly with the first. These essays, "the by-products of a poet's life," show a willed humility in their responsiveness to the external occasion. "The commencement address is an extremely difficult form, so demanding in respect of clarity, animation, appropriateness, and wide pertinence that, having struggled with two for some weeks each, I should be wary of attempting a third." *Some weeks*. There follows a meditation on ceremonies and ceremony no more than 10 pages long, exquisitely attuned to the exigencies of the unceremonious 1960s which demonstrates how hard-crafted is a poet's ease, and how far from facility.

Despite his aptitude for definition, Wilbur is not a theoretician but an extraordinarily able commentator on the relation of expression and meaning. "Think," he writes, "of those who have aped the spare and additive Hemingway sentence, without having the peculiarly resigned sense of life that required it; or those who, with no apparent sense of its function, have copied that long Faulkner sentence which is so suitable for conveying simultaneities of awareness and action." As we might expect, he never gets his priorities mixed. The text comes first; he will not coerce it or impose himself upon it. He cautions readers and critics "not to be cleverer than necessary." He himself is quite clever enough, discovering, to our profit, revelatory echoes of "Adonais" in the apparent transparency of Frost's "Birches," and of *Paradise Lost* in Housman's "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries."

It is encouraging to remember that for all these years Wilbur has taught as well as written. His breadth of response continually reminds us of how much more there is to literature than our narrow modernist canon admits. Today's students are introduced to Stevens, Williams, Donne, even Pope, before they

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meet Housman, Shelley, Burns, or Herrick—if they meet them at all. The close readings in this book are all of unexpected poems—Frost's "The Gum Gatherer," Housman's "Epitaph," Burns's "My Luve's like a Red, Red Rose." We may suspect that these are instances of that saving contrariness which Wilbur notes in the poet, who will break out of the canon when you least expect it and be found "muttering something unauthorized like Catullus, Whittier, or Coventry Patmore."

The Burns essay is called "Explaining the Obvious." Asked for a contribution to a friend's book on explication, Wilbur naturally "looked about for something knotty about which to be clever." But "I am fond of 'A Red, Red Rose,' and what we like, we like to talk about. Was there," he asked himself, "anything much to be said about a poem so admirably simple?" But what looks easy is, of course, the harder task, and Wilbur successfully demonstrates that even the simplest poem has ways of being smarter than we are.

In the Housman essay we find him regretting "the disappearance of the category of expertly made popular poetry," "simple songs, hymns, or story-poems which were instantly possessed and valued by a larger public." "The Revenge," "The Pied Piper," "Once to Every Man and Nation," "Paul Revere" —"these are all fine poems, and all of them are perfectly transparent. Perhaps it is their very transparency that has led critics and teachers to fall silent about them, there being no call for learned mediation, and perhaps that silence has helped many of our poets to forget that there is such a thing as a good popular poem." Not that Wilbur presents Housman's poem as popular; he defends it as "a miniature specimen of what [Karl] Shapiro calls 'high art.'" He seems immune to academic fashion. His is the catholic responsiveness of someone who really likes poetry. It is only when we register our surprise as he writes of Whittier, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, and Carl Sandburg, and Vachel Lindsay, and Edwin Arlington Robinson, that we are reminded of their total eclipse in this era of "American Studies."

Discussing "Poetry's Debt to Poetry," Wilbur resurrects an obscure ballad of Thomas Moore; he has less to say about King Lear, who is within the canon, than about Edward Lear, who is not. To illustrate those catalogues which desire "to lay claim to as much of the world as possible," he quotes the eighteenth chapter of Hugh Lofting's

NOON

you, flat
yellow light, that
shine down on ridge and
crease, and fill every deep
place, shellac the most high
relief flat as an antique
majolica

plate

tell us there is nothing
new under the sun
if we want to find it we'll have to run
into that dead /

heat

Judith Johnson Sherwin

The Story of Doctor Dolittle along with *Benedicite, omnia opera domini*. It is not light-mindedness—although Wilbur would certainly prefer that to heavy-mindedness—but a deliberate will to enlarge the possibilities of appreciation. It is perhaps such a will to stretch his own appreciative capacities that has led him again and again to surprise us by writing of Poe, as if he felt an obligation fully to realize the world of that dark anti-self before he could realize his own. One of his most revealing statements about his poetry is that much of it may "be understood as a public quarrel with the aesthetics of Edgar Allan Poe."

Vocabulary is a key to a critic's, as to a poet's, intentions. In discussing influences, parodies, and imitations in "Poetry's Debt to Poetry," Wilbur's key nouns are "generosity," "courtesy," "affection," "admiration," "respect"; the verbs, "honor" and "pay tribute." Against this background of affirmation, the single word "vicious" (used of Edmund Wilson's "The Omelet of Archibald MacLeish") cuts like a whiplash. It is not that Wilbur is squashily accepting but that he has not much time for negative criticism—there is too much calling to be admired. Nevertheless, his recognition of Poe's metronomic rhythms and the "relative indelicacy" of his ear, and his brief and businesslike dismissal of a poetry of "pure negation" elicit our trust for his sympathetic exploration of Poe's world-rejecting Neoplatonism and his appreciation of the allegorical dimensions of his fiction. He is illuminating but not discursive on Yeats's limited sense of place—"even the rocks and moorhens of the later verse are symbols which seldom threaten to assert a life of their own." He doesn't need the space; when he cares to, he can transfix in a phrase—of Pound, "rapt pedantry," of others more vulnerable, and thus courteously unnamed, "larval self-satisfaction"; "poems made out of poetry; utterance without real reference; self-cuckoldry."

Wilbur's happiness is no shallow cheeriness. Beneath Lear's (Edward's) gay nonsense he senses "a poet of heartbreak," and is reminded of "those characters in Russian novels who express their pain and humiliation through buffoonery." The Pobble, the Dong, and the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò are no strangers to "isolation, unbearable loss, abandonment, the wish to fade out of the world." He finely distinguishes kinds of happiness, as in his discussion of what Emily Dickinson called "glee"—"a compensation in joy for what she had renounced in satisfaction. His own "Baroque Wall-Fountain" is concerned with "some sort of reconciliation between the claims of pleasure and joy."

He is penetrating, and merciful, on the misery of today's poets, the histories of "alcoholism, aberration, the drying up of talent, and suicide," on "the obligatory eccentricity, nowadays, of each poet's world," "the fact that our society has no cultural heart from which to write." His is no happiness of escape, of turning inward toward an interior paradise: "The best and happiest dreams of the poet are those that involve no denial of the fact"; "we cannot enjoy poetic happiness until the interior paradise is brought to terms with the world before us, and our vision fuses with the view from the window." We are brought back to the pervasive theme of Wilbur's poetry—the celebration of "a reality beyond all constructions of the consciousness—a kind of minimal devoutness." The devoutness, if minimal, is sufficient to inform all his work, and to guarantee the profound seriousness of its felicity. "Love Calls Us to the Things of This World"; of this poem he tells us that it has centrally "to do with the proper relation between the tangible world and the intuitions of the spirit."

> What poetry does with ideas is to redeem them from abstraction and submerge them in sensibility; it embodies them in persons and things and surrounds them in a weather of feeling; it thereby tests the ability of any ideas to consort with human nature in its contemporary condition.

One of Wilbur's definitions is of poetry as "that ensemble of articulate values by which a society affirms itself." It is this broad conception that gives him leave to speak of the poet's "happy utility"—and the difficulty of attaining it; of the poet's "desire to put his gift at the service of the people of his own

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time and place . . . a happiness not easily come by in contemporary America." The essay ends with a reading of "Birches." His culminating praise is that the poem "does justice to world, to self, to literary tradition, and to a culture; it is happy in all the ways in which a poem can be happy." The happiness to which Wilbur commits himself is a state earned by social activity, by doing justice.

This is an inexpensive book, and Christmas is approaching. I think I shall buy ten copies. I have three children who read poetry, and enough young friends to justify the purchase. It will be happy utility indeed if Wilbur can show them that happiness is at root, like the poem itself, not an object found, or even pursued but something done or made. □

A Critic's Double Image

VAN WYCK BROOKS: In Search of American Culture. *By James Hoopes. University of Massachusetts Press. 336 pp. $15.*

JACKSON LEARS

Van Wyck Brooks left a double image. The younger Brooks was a gaunt and restless seeker, a fierce critic of American culture during the first quarter of the 20th century, a friend of Randolph Bourne and Waldo Frank. The older Brooks was a florid, portly celebrant of the American past, an apostle of the filiopietist nationalism of the 1930s and 1940s, an ally of Carl Sandburg and Archibald MacLeish. Brooks's career was bisected by the breakdown he suffered during the late 1920s. When he emerged from his bout with depression, his critical perceptions were out of focus; his later writings were suffused with an Indian summer haze. The young critic was scarcely recognizable in the elder sage.

James Hoopes's biography bridges the gap between Brooks the cultural radical and Brooks the custodian of national tradition. Drawing on manuscript sources as well as Brooks's published work, Hoopes supplies valuable information on Brooks's personal life, particularly the crucial years of his breakdown. The book is a richly detailed narrative of Brooks's career carefully researched and clearly expressed. But it is finally a disappointment, as the man never comes to life in these pages, nor do the many public controversies in which he was involved. As a sort of cultural weather vane, Van Wyck Brooks reveals a great deal about the climate of educated opinion during the first half of the 20th century. More important, his career has an exemplary value, as a guide to the difficulties and possibilities of intellectual life in a utilitarian, activist society. A biography of him should bring these issues to life.

The polarities which overshadowed Brooks's entire career—Europe and America, feminine culture and masculine business—first emerged during his early childhood. Brooks was born in 1886 in Plainfield, N.J., and his parents embodied the late Victorian sexual division of labor. Charles Brooks, who had failed at mining speculation, worked as a clerk in a Wall Street brokerage house. To the young Van Wyck, his father's routine job seemed an emblem of the price exacted by the "morbid excitements" of the business life. Brooks's wealthy and domineering mother, Sallie Ames Brooks, presented an alternative to the dull and destructive world of business. Like many upper-class Victorian women, she was immersed in the leisurely pursuit of culture. While her husband stayed home, preserving his fictional role as provider, she led her two sons to the cultural shrines of Europe. Brooks's early impulse toward an artistic career was inextricably connected with reverence for the Old World.

Hoopes suggests that Brooks's longings for Europe and for a vocation outside of business may have generated some sexual ambivalence. For him the pursuit of culture, whether as artist or critic, implied an abdication of the masculine role, a retreat from active engagement with the world. Brooks's own mother, for all her cultural aspirations, joined her contemporaries in equating masculine success with business success. For Brooks, to turn toward Europe and toward art was to isolate oneself from "real life," and as Hoopes points out, Brooks's "strident, lifelong insistence that literature should have practical consequences was in some part a defense of his masculinity."

From the first, Brooks associated Europe not merely with effeminate withdrawal but with impotence and self-annihilation. He could never emulate the languorous aesthetes he knew at Harvard. *The Wine of the Puritans* (1908) opens on an Italian midsummer afternoon, with its two protagonists lounging amid crumbling ruins and "flowering glooms of dusty verdure." "There is something I don't quite like about this," says one. "I feel as if a great many things had suddenly come together to brush me out of existence. I think we had better have a discussion!" For the next fifty years, Brooks engaged other literate Americans in public and polemical "discussion." It was his lifelong antidote to depression and suicidal despair.

The young Brooks, seeking to avoid the "feminized" role of the European aesthete without sacrificing his critical perspective, produced a body of remarkably trenchant cultural criticism, much of which has preserved its freshness throughout this century. In part, this durability has stemmed from Brooks's facility with words. He had a graceful style and a gift for the memorable phrase. When he complained that American culture was fragmented into "highbrow" aridity and "lowbrow" vulgarity, or when he urged men of letters to create a "usable past" for the benefit of contemporary writers, the terms entered the lexicon of educated Americans.

But the young Brooks was more than a phrase maker; he was an accurate diagnostician. In *America's Coming of Age* (1915), he complained that public discourse in America lacked "the happy excitement of European thought, the muscular and earthy sense of opposition" which forced the European to define and defend his intellectual position. Americans, Brooks wrote, displayed a

> total inability to divine and formulate new issues that really are issues. With us the recognized way of pinning down something that is felt to be in the air is to adopt some cast-off phrase and tack the word "New" before it. A pleasant thrill then runs over the country, something which is vaguely felt to be new having been recognized and labelled as new, and the issue itself is quietly smothered. . . .

Brooks's observations are still accurate. The continuing coinage of vaporous catch phrases, from the New Nationalism and New Freedom in Brooks's time to more recent New Frontiers and New Moralities and New Conservatisms, reflects the persistent intellectual stagnation among America's opinion-making elites. Brooks understood that in a nation without deep-rooted cultural traditions, where politics seldom transcended

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the opportunistic scuffle of interest groups, public discourse would remain feeble and banal. What was embryonic in Brooks's time has become pervasive in ours. The "muscular and earthy sense of opposition" has faded further. Independent, locally operated Socialist newspapers, which flourished during the early 20th century, have virtually disappeared. At the same time, proliferating mergers have created more and more one-newspaper cities. Under the influences of broadcast journalism and pragmatic liberalism, "informed" commentary has become more blandly uniform than ever.

Brooks discerned these maladies at an early stage. Through magazines like *The Seven Arts* (1916-17), he and a few of his contemporaries, notably Bourne and Frank, hoped to build a vital public culture. Without it, Brooks feared American intellectuals would continue to subordinate their critical tendencies to the national spirit of vague optimism and complacency. He understood and attacked the tentlike consensus which has captured so many American dissenters and abhorred the value-free pretensions encouraged by pragmatism and social science. Brooks exhorted cultural critics to make their moral convictions clear: "Now a point of view in criticism, criticism in the genuine sense, is a working plan, a definition of issues, which at once renders it impossible to make one's peace with the world, inevitably makes the critic a champion and a man of war."

Little more than a decade later, Brooks had made his peace with that world, becoming a Book-of-the-Month Club celebrity and a victim of the absorption process he had decried. In Hoopes's view, Brooks's shift from criticism to affirmation actually reflected a certain continuity in his intellectual concerns as well as his idiosyncratic psychic needs. Throughout his career, Brooks had always insisted that an artist's creative powers could flower only in the soil of his native country, surrounded by a supportive community of creators. As a seedbed of literary tradition, this community preserved the writer's usable past. He clung to his hope for American culture.

The problem for the younger Brooks was that so much in America's past seemed useless. Impressed by the barrenness of the American cultural landscape, but convinced that expatriation was futile and irresponsible, Brooks could only write chronicles of failure. In *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* (1920) he presented Twain as a thwarted genius, filled with self-hate and despair because business civilization had repressed his natural creativity and reduced him to the National Funny Man. The book was inflated with hyperbole and larded with irrelevant lumps of amateur Freudianism, but it remains a pioneering literary biography. Subsequent critics have been unable to ignore Brooks's stress on Twain's dual personality; Justin Kaplan's Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* (1966) owes an unacknowledged debt to

ARCTIC

From its polished display case
this one stares back at us,
almost contemptuous.

Dead claws hooked
in the lifelike branch,
his beak is half parted
as if to remark
on the brass
of the nameplate
where Greco-Latin nominations
encase him in another
kind of glass
to be held back by,
beheld in.
No wind
will alert him
of our presence.
No snapped branch
set him
soaring like a moon
among glazed clouds.
Nor will the museum's
rats tempt him
in the dark
to hunch and spread
his wings and tail and fall
silent as moonlight
upon the quick hot
frenzy in that fur.

Nor in fact
could anything be said
to move him now.
That is what we learn
from him, if
we learn at all: That he
is dead, stuffed
among the mystery
of all that has been.
Is changed as we
are changed,
gazing upon him.

Moon-eyed Owl,
for whom the night is eyes,
Cloud-voiced Owl,
charged by the intelligence
of snow to utter brilliance,
it is you, Lightning-taloned,
you of the Arrow-tongue,
you alone who know to summon
from the live red flesh that breath
bright as dew called from grasses by the sun.

And it is you, Whose-Feathers-Whisper,
you of whom it is known
that we will
hear him
one day, or one night,
hear him call our name
in a language of light
that must illuminate us
each in the locked museum
of all we thought
we knew and that, having heard,
we will rise up
nearer to his voice
on our unfathomable wings
to ask who he was calling for, who? Who?

William Pitt Root

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Brooks. But Brooks's other cautionary tale, *The Pilgrimage of Henry James* (1925), was less successful. As Brooks slipped deeper into depression, his organicism became more strident. He insisted that James's expatriation separated him from the vital sources of his artistry, that his work was fatally weakened by his decision to abandon the American scene. But given Brooks's belief in the poverty of American culture, one could assume that if James had stayed home he would have met Twain's fate. His pessimism left the American writer with no place to go.

Iconoclasm cut Brooks off from the bearers of the genteel tradition; nationalism set him apart from the cosmopolitan avant-garde. Sinking into frustrated isolation, he was tormented by a sense of failure—by the feeling, as he said in his autobiography, that all his early efforts had merely "ploughed the sea." The old fear that he might be swallowed up by European culture, or crushed by the weight of its tradition, returned. He could not exorcise the Old World demon of his youth, that compound of pessimism, fastidious withdrawal, and self-destructive impulses. Haunted by the "great, luminous eyes" of Henry James, the personification of "feminized" European aestheticism, Brooks drifted from one sanatorium to another for five years. He was unable to write or sleep; he sometimes groveled on the ground and ate grass; he thought constantly of suicide.

During this period (1926-31), while he still associated Europe with his old fears of helpless passivity and what he called "the death-drive," he increasingly identified American culture with hopefulness, free will, and the determination to survive. Nationalism, always essential to his prophetic role, became the lodestar of his psychic well-being. As Hoopes says, Brooks concluded "that he must cling to America to preserve his personality from disintegration." Returning to work, he began the rigorous schedule of writing and reading which resulted in the Makers and Finders series (1936-52). He set about the creation of a usable past, less for the inspiration of contemporary writers than for the preservation of his own mental stability.

In large measure, Brooks's intellectual odyssey betrayed the symptoms of an occupational disease common during the 20th century. Christopher Lasch has aptly called it "the anti-intellectualism of the intellectuals." Like the apostles of the strenuous life and pragmatic reformers he attacked, the young Brooks worried that the intellectual life was a "feminine" and therefore ineffectual vocation. He insisted that the only way for artists and intellectuals to avoid effeteness was "to take a plunge, reckless and complete . . . into the rudest and grossest actualities." Suspicious of his own talent, fearful of isolation from the "organic race life" of his countrymen, Brooks resolved his anxieties by abandoning his critical role.

In *The Flowering of New England* (1936) and *New England: Indian Summer* (1940), as well as in the later, less coherent Makers and Finders volumes, Brooks invented a native literary tradition, rooted in the doctrines of free will, progress, and the natural goodness of man. The project met enthusiastic approval during the 1930s and 1940s, when numerous Americans shared Brooks's yearning for a coherent myth of the past. The Makers and Finders volumes, with their assumption of a continuous, organically unified national culture, seemed to minister to the nation's psychic needs, as well as to those of Brooks himself. As R.P. Blackmur wrote, in a review of *The Flowering of*

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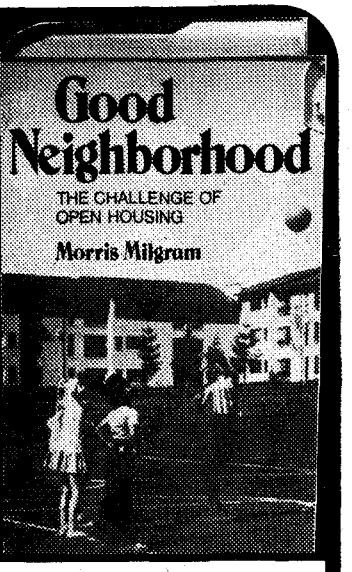

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New England, "where we are aware of a lack, we can feel . . . that the cure is within us." The hope of national regeneration led many self-distrustful intellectuals to the Popular Front, where Stalinists and Progressives joined in celebrating the crude vitality of "the workers" and excoriating the pessimism and decadence of "bourgeois intellectuals."

Brooks remained on the periphery of the Popular Front (he resigned from the League of American Writers after the Nazi-Soviet Pact), but his later work incarnated many Popular Front shibboleths. In *The Opinions of Oliver Allston* (1941), he attacked the "infantilism" and "death drive" of Modernist artists and intellectuals. By embracing a sterile cosmopolitanism, they had "ceased to be *voices of the people,*" Brooks charged. *The Opinions of Oliver Allston* marked the nadir of Brooks's descent from dissenter to guardian of conventional pieties.

Brooks's chauvinism and rigid belief in progress led him to distort and undervalue the work of Henry Adams and Henry James, to oversimplify and neglect Poe and Melville, to exaggerate the merits of Howells, Emerson, and all of antebellum New England culture. (A generation of cultural historians, viewing New England through Brooks's eyes, have adopted his mistaken notion that the later 19th century marked the disintegration of an idealistic, democratic antebellum community.) The intellectual slackness of Brooks's later work is apparent in its substitution of chauvinistic platitudes for interpretation, its intolerance of ambiguity, and its dogmatic assaults on "esthetes" and "pessimists." His affirmations won him a large audience, but his popularity came at a high price.

It is too easy, though, to dismiss Brooks as another failed intellectual, stifling the critical spirit with tub-thumping hosannas to Democracy. He was that, but he was something more. His impulse to connect with "real life" had a salutary dimension. Even at his blandest, Brooks tried—however lamely—to play an important mediating role between high culture and popular culture. He was a member of a species now lamentably extinct: a serious literary journalist without academic specialization, who addressed a general audience on a broad range of cultural issues.

In dismissing the efforts of Brooks, whose chauvinism and anti-intellectualism have admittedly made him an easy target, academic critics have overlooked a valuable reminder of their own insularity. If Brooks was wrong to brand Eliot and the first New Critics as self-absorbed pseudo-scientists, he was right about many of their epigoni, whose preoccupation with technique has sterilized so much scholarly work in the humanities since World War II. If humanists have walled themselves off from the culture-consuming public, if—as course enrollment figures seem to show—fewer and fewer college students show interest in the humanities, one reason may be that many contemporary academicians have disdained Brooks's central assumption: that every literary judgment implies a moral judgment, and that moral judgments lead outward from literature to the wider culture.

To Hoopes, the flaws in the Makers and Finders series were "the logical consequence of Brooks's old-fashioned idea that literary criticism is a study of morals." This misses an essential point. Throughout Brooks's career, that "old-fashioned idea" was his greatest strength. It lay at the root of his insistence on "a working plan, a definition of issues"; it energized his work by protecting it from a lifeless value-neutrality. In the end, the problem was not that Brooks clung to moral concerns but that he proved unable to sustain the creative tension between moral passion and critical intellect. His ultimate failure should not obscure his continuing importance, as both an exemplar and a warning for contemporary cultural critics. While he subordinated literature to an imagined moral imperative, he never fell into the opposite (now epidemic) error of deifying the text as a self-referential object. If there is a way out of the formalist labyrinth, it lies at least partly through the tradition of public-spirited moral criticism begun by Matthew Arnold, the tradition of Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling and Van Wyck Brooks. □

The Storyteller's Laughter

CARNIVAL: Entertainments and Posthumous Tales. *By Isak Dinesen. The University of Chicago Press. 338 pp. $10.*

ANDREW LOEWINGER

"Dear readers," begins Isak Dinesen in her first published story, "I should not like to trick you into reading anything which you would later deplore." The self-assured author is jesting with posterity here, but there's an irony even she cannot have anticipated: this collection of posthumous tales, *Carnival,* has now been published as a book neither prepared nor foreseen by Dinesen but as the result of the recent surge of interest in her work. Isak Dinesen's current popularity is due as much to her fertile imagination as to her independence from the literary movements of the age. Most of her works are short, lucid tales, adept in the art of storytelling, and inspired with a visionary and even fantastic wisdom. Devotees will encounter this new and unexpected volume of *Entertainments and Posthumous Tales* with delight and some disappointment.

The stories included here span Dinesen's entire *oeuvre,* from the first piece she wrote in 1909 to the last in 1961. It was her publisher's idea to assemble stories difficult, if not impossible, to find in English. Three of the stories have been translated from the Danish; the rest she wrote in English although they have not been available in this country. Dinesen herself might have considered *Carnival* a motley assemblage, since it is more variegated and less cohesive than her own collections. The stories included in this volume are an assortment of some of her earliest work, some serious pieces from her middle period and four pieces written "just for entertainment." Of the eleven stories published here, over half were never revised by the author. Nonetheless, this collection does shed new light on the evolution of Dinesen's storytelling and reveals her more "popular" side in the pieces she wrote for *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post.*

"The de Cats Family," Dinesen's first published story, is a perfect example of her skill at the outset of her career. This simply plotted but well-executed tale is a tongue-in-cheek satire of bourgeois probity. Fateful legerdemain has dictated that each generation of the de Cats family must have one son who sins for all the others. Jeremias de Cats is chosen to lead the dissolute life. When he objects by wandering onto the path of righteousness, his brothers are forced to lure him back to sin with an old floozy, some Continental high living and a life's pension. In the end he is bribed for 50,000 guilders a year: "I shall not ask for less," he boasts, "for the virtue of all the de Cats family is being purchased." An impressive, if somewhat stylized debut.

Andrew Loewinger is assistant editor at Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

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Dinesen's "Entertainments," written some thirty years later, are surprisingly similar in their stylization; they show the same adeptness at "story craft" and lack only her more mature themes. About half of these casual pieces appear unrevised or partially revised. The title story, "Carnival," for instance, is long, rambling and purposeless until it is rescued by the *deus ex machina* of the revolutionary, Zamor. Dinesen's device of the story within the story robs "The Proud Lady" of its forcefulness by giving it an ambivalent ending. Or "Anna," which is superbly developed, is just plain unfinished. These are not so much the fault of Dinesen's casual pieces as her habit—clearly her essential need—of reworking her material to accommodate her many motifs.

The tales from Dinesen's middle and later years included in *Carnival* reflect some of her more serious themes. By the time she wrote these stories Dinesen had already experienced the Dark Continent she conjured with in *Out of Africa*. The story, "The Last Day," reveals the new breadth and a network of themes largely absent in the "Entertainments." In it Johannes Soeborg, a crestfallen theology student, is seeking human contact, and runs into an old village acquaintance, Viggo, who is spending his "last day" in Copenhagen on account of a "life vision." At this point the storyteller adds another narrative to the framing tale. Viggo has just visited a dying uncle who will leave him his estate; the parson's daughter is sitting vigil over the dying man. The uncle's last gesture is not to ask for unction but to embrace her. Has this shocked the parson's daughter, an unkissed virgin of 15? Hardly. "Her wide open light eyes, like a hawk's eyes, were severe and at the same time they were friendly, encouraging, confident. She knew everything and laughed at danger." Laughed at danger indeed. Here is the life of the wild for both Johannes and his Danish theology.

"The Bear and the Kiss" makes a similar point. Near Lapland Bjorn hunts a cruel bear for the Finnish witch, Lahula, and escapes death to be rewarded with a kiss. Stories are again woven within stories: the Biblical Samson, a boat voyage, Schiller's glove motif and Bjorn's abortive bear hunt and redemption. Fantasy and danger, witches and the sylvan wilds are in the end contained in laughter. Bjorn who has mastered his experience can say: "It was as if the entire epic had a background of laughter." Instead of heavy drama we are given the pleasures of narrative, instead of complex psychological characters we are offered the threads of old myths and motifs, instead of the indifference or resignation of the age we are given laughter. Making myth real through retelling is the storyteller's art. It is, Dinesen seems to be saying, not just an artistic device but a formula for life: at once a matter of psychological survival and well-being as well as practical wisdom raised to art. After all, it was Dinesen who wrote that "all sorrows can be borne if you tell them in a story."

This is most clear in the last tale we have from Dinesen's hand, "The Second Meeting." Lord Byron is met on the eve of an Italian boat trip by his look-alike, Pipistrello, who had saved Byron's life many years before. How has each used the intervening years? Byron confesses to have wasted his in vain pursuits. Pipistrello, however, has begun a marionette theatre. He reveals Dinesen's theory of storytelling: "For everything that has happened to me since, I have turned into a story . . . certainly it is a great happiness to be able to turn the things which happen to you into stories. It is perhaps the one perfect happiness that a human being will find in life." □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The dramatic core of the film, *Julia*, as it is of Lillian Hellman's autobiographical story on which it was based, is the dangerous train trip Miss Hellman (Jane Fonda) made from Paris to Berlin, carrying a large sum of money to Julia (Vanessa Redgrave), who at that time was financing a small anti-Nazi resistance group. It's a taut stretch of film, full of passwords and confederates recognized only by hindsight, who shepherd the green and terrified Lillian through the checkpoints of entry into and departure from Hitler's Germany. But also it's nothing out of the ordinary; melodrama on luxury trains has been the movies' stock in trade for half a century —back in 1928, Vanessa Redgrave's father was the intrepid but innocent young man of *The Lady Vanishes*.

There is enough incident in this adventure to fill only about a half-hour of the two-hour film. Nor did Hellman write the memoir merely to celebrate an heroic day and night in her life. She wanted to recall, for herself, perhaps, as much as for her readers, the quality of her friendship with Julia when they were both schoolgirls and at a later time when she was writing her first play,

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The Children's Hour, under the perfectionist eye of Dashiell Hammett (Jason Robards). Unlike the train episode, which appears to have been photographically "fixed" in her mind, this other material is sketchy and impressionistic, as one's old memories usually are. Therefore the screenwriter, Alvin Sargent, has filled them out from sources unstated—perhaps by consulting the author or her other works, or by himself supplying what seemed to him suitable detail.

Fred Zinnemann, the director, has then interwoven these several elements in a complicated time scheme, as suggested by the form of the original memoir, and the result is a movie that appears to be telling three stories simultaneously, none of them at any considerable depth. In the case of the perilous journey, that was no great matter—one responds to the tension and doesn't complain if the relationships are superficial. But in the Lillian-Julia and Hellman-Hammett stories, the shallowness leads to mawkishness. The author herself skirted sentimentality, but saved herself by the astringency of her prose and her gift for unsparing portraits of herself and those around her. But in the film, where she is a character in action, not a voice commenting on action, the relationships are so pat, the incidents so laden with clichés (most painfully in the added material) that the narrative becomes predictable and weepy.

The schoolgirl passages (played by young actresses) are quite trying, with the gawky, grateful Lillian being taught everything from table manners to log walking by the superlatively wealthy, poised, generous and domineering Julia. How it was between them later is hard to say, for Vanessa Redgrave, though she has the title role, is seen in no more than a few quick passages, when she has time to display only selfless, smiling dedication to her cause, and motherly indulgence of Lillian.

With Hammett, the problem is much the same. Robards is as gruff as only a misanthrope in love can be; he snarls to hide the tears of adoration, scoffs the better to bring the genius he detects to flower. Meanwhile, Fonda tears offending sheets of copy paper from her typewriter, piles ashtrays high with impatiently stubbed cigarettes and lopes off to the beach for moody walks in search of inspiration. It is standard Hollywood procedure for the birth of a masterpiece.

Those of us who know of Lillian Hellman only in the years after *The Children's Hour*, when she has been a celebrity of particularly formidable stature, may find it hard to believe that, for considerable stretches of her life, she was so dominated by personalities tougher than hers. It may have been so—public images do not necessarily correspond to private character—but what I cannot make myself believe is that she played out in real-life movie scripts that she has far too much taste and talent ever to have written. The facts may be as here recorded—that Julia taught Lillian how to grow up; that Hammett taught Hellman how to write honestly—but somehow, under the necessity to get all that and a melodrama into two hours that the public would lap up—it has all gone sudsy.

The suds are indeed foaming around the box office and, in a way, I'm glad of that, for a lot of good actors and actresses have given their best to this film. I remark particularly Hal Holbrook as the insufferable Alan Campbell, husband to Dorothy Parker; Maximilian Schell, as Julia's disarmingly insistent emissary in Paris; Gerard Buhr who, in the character of a German immigration officer, manages to seem a bully by instinct and not under the orders of the Führer (it is a relief from the "Heil Hitler" villain). Fonda, Redgrave and Robards also do what they can. The women are beautiful and they go as deeply into their roles as the script allows; it is not their fault that for the most part it amounts to little more than gritting teeth and smiling through tears. And Robards, who by long practice excels at easy emotion, here does a good deal to protect Hammett's dignity.

Julia was so sure to be a popular hit that, I suspect, no one worried whether it could be a good film. And yet the problem should have been obvious—the original text is a chapter in an intimate, subjective, quirkily disjunctive memoir by a woman of strong views, great boldness and a vigor of expression that gives coherence to the fragments of the past she chooses to preserve. *Pentimento*, the book, is not an autobiography; it is a self-portrait—that is, a highly personal likeness from a particular angle. It's a solo flight—not to be attempted by a company, however competent and respectful. □

RIVER

1
At home the creek ran dry
in summer. Through days
that never seemed to move, cobwebs,
shiny as bicycle wheels, spun
themselves in a procession through
the evergreens, until the first rain
in September crumpled them.
After that, the full moon zeroing in
over the hills hit water and rolled
downhill with it, making a continuous
and noisy exit we didn't notice.

2
It's been years since we paused,
stricken, at the end of the street.
As we never thought it would
the blade that fell then
blurs like the spoke of a wheel
into the spin of many wheels rolling
steadily forward. As we never thought

they would, days like growing
children claim our attention.
They cross the empty field behind us
chattering in a language we begin
to understand as the whine of silence
grows faint. See the profusion
of colors as the sun moves across
their heads, row upon row, until all
the empty and possible ways
through them have been closed.

Anne Pitkin

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

August Strindberg (1849-1912) wrote about sixty plays, close to a dozen novels (including autobiographies), more than 150 short stories, three volumes of poetry, many critical and polemical essays and approximately 5,600 letters. Very few among us who do not read Swedish, or who are not specialists, really know the true worth of this prodigious production. We know only *The Father*, *Miss Julie*, *The Dance of Death* (Part 1), *Creditors*, *The Stronger* and possibly *Crimes and Crimes*. That is enough to have established Strindberg as a genius.

Shaw called him "the only genuinely Shakespearean modern dramatist," though he thought *The Father* monstrous. O'Casey called Strindberg "the greatest of them all." He had a decided influence on O'Neill and on European drama and, especially through his later plays, on the expressionist theatre. Certain respected critics rate him higher than Ibsen, though I doubt the value of such ratings. Those who read Swedish speak of the splendor of his dialogue. I suspect that his personal appeal for those who hold him in such high esteem is that he voiced all the traumas of modern man. His was a paranoid personality and thus very much of our kin.

A Dream Play of 1902 and *The Ghost Sonata* of 1907 are Strindberg's

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two outstanding examples of dramatic expressionism. They are almost never seen on our stage, being too expensive for commercial production and too alien to the temper of ordinary playgoers. Not until last spring in Stockholm was I able to see *A Dream Play*, and then in a far from representative treatment. The last major production of *The Ghost Sonata* (translated as *The Spook Sonata*) was given in New York in 1924. I am, therefore, grateful to the Yale Repertory Theatre for affording us the opportunity to see this signal "chamber" piece in New Haven.

The Ghost Sonata is not so specifically a *dream* play as was the earlier one, but in its feeling it is even more of a nightmare. There are elements in it of both realism and Mystery. The play's symbolic import is unmistakable. Its wholly hallucinatory and symbolic realism consists of an inextricably complicated plot which shows innocence caught and foiled by a circle of the wealthy bourgeoisie, corrupt and criminal to the roots. More broadly speaking, it depicts, in Strindberg's words, "the labor of keeping the dust of life at a distance. . . . Is life worth so much hardship?"* he asks. Even our food is drained of nourishment and contaminated.

Not all of Strindberg's nature is present in the play, but his essential torment is. The Student, Strindberg's alter ego in the play, cries out, "Sometimes I am seized with a raging desire to say all I think. But I know the world would go to pieces if one were completely candid." Along with, or because of, this there is in Strindberg a deep yearning for religious alleviation. But like everything else in his mind it was muddled. A large Buddha occupies the scene in the Hyacinth Room where purity is permitted expression. Even here the Student cries out, "To think that the most beautiful flowers are so poisonous, are the most poisonous. The curse lies over the whole of creation, over life itself. . . . There are poisons that destroy the sight and poisons that open the eyes. I seem to have been born with the latter kind, for I cannot see what is ugly as beautiful, nor call evil good. Jesus Christ descended into hell. That was His pilgrimage on earth—to this madhouse, this prison, this charnel house, this earth. And the madmen killed Him when He wanted to set them free; but the robber they let go. The robber always gets the sympathy. Woe to us all. Savior of the world, save us! We perish."

The girl to whom this is addressed is herself wholly innocent, but she must die because she was born of evil. The Student then apostrophizes her, "The Liberator is coming. . . . Sleep, you lovely innocent, doomed creature. . . . Sleep without dreaming, and when you awake again may you be greeted by a sun that does not burn, in a home without dust, by friends without stain, by a love without flaw. You wise and gentle Buddha, sitting there waiting for a heaven to sprout from the earth, grant us patience in our ordeal and purity of will, so that this hope may not be confounded. . . . No fear has he who does no ill. Sweet is innocence."

This, for me, is eloquent and honestly felt, yet much too simple-minded to be credited even as pessimism. What makes life trying is not that it is entirely bad—if all is evil, there is no "problem"—but that there is good in it as well. There is an even greater obstacle to accepting the nihilistic view: we persist in living, because we love life—even with the evil which is part of its very texture.

In diverse ways, *The Ghost Sonata* is a most significant play, but one may challenge its ultimate value. Its narrative portion is melodrama rendered theatrically arresting by its manner—"a waxwork of monsters"—followed by the painful proclamations (are they truly revelations?) of the final scene. We must question the whole Strindberg canon, master figure though he was. There is in our day a partiality toward pessimism: indeed it is in vogue.

I hesitate to speak with equal assertiveness of Andrei Serban's direction. Apart from the fact that only a few of the actors are up to the text's unusually severe demands, one notices once again Serban's sense of the strikingly picturesque (the setting by Michael Yeargans is a handsome thing in itself). I am inclined to believe the general treatment is too blatant, too brightly lit. The production might be more in key with the Strindbergian mood and more gripping if it were played in a shadowy atmosphere and more often spoken in subdued tones.

In all fairness to Per Olov Enquist's *The Night of the Tribades* (which at this writing has announced its closing), I must say that, while it is hardly a good play, it is not uninteresting. An interpretation of Strindberg's character, based on a collage of statements from his essays, letters and autobiographies, there were elements of intelligence in it, and therefore it is unusual on the Broadway stage. A cast composed of excellent actors seemed like so many powerful batteries not properly coordinated.

At Yale again, David Mamet's one-hour *Reunion* is a modest and good piece of writing. A common man, a reformed alcoholic, now divorced, meets his 25-year-old daughter after a very long period of separation. They are almost strangers to each other. She, ill at ease in her marriage, and he, reconciled to his humble employment in a restaurant, come together with a half-realized sense of need for each other.

With a fine ear for vernacular American speech and perceptive humor, the play rings true and heartwarming in its unemphatic compassion and understanding. It is manfully and beautifully acted by Michael Higgins and touching in the understatement of Lindsay Crouse's performance as the daughter.

I shall have more to say about Mamet when I see his longer play, *A Life in the Theatre*, at the Theatre de Lys. □

*I use Elizabeth Sprigge's translation because Evert Sprinchom's version of the Yale production is unavailable to me at the moment.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

MUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov*. Martti Talvela, bass; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Bozena Kinasz, mezzo-soprano; Leonard Mróz, bass; et al. Polish Radio Chorus and National Symphony Orchestra; Jerzy Semkow, cond. Angel SDLX 3844. $32.98 (four discs).

Fifty years after Mussorgsky's original version of *Boris* was published in a scholarly edition, here at last is a recording of the opera, shorn of the "corrections," abridgements, interpolations and rescorings of Rimsky-Korsakov. Much less homogeneous in sound (Rimsky was wont to mix strings and winds to a degree that the composer's simpler sense of color abjured), darker and sometimes thicker in color, looser in rhythmic patterning, more naturalistic in declamation, coarser and more compelling in harmony, the original is arguably a much stronger work—and without question a more original one.

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Having urged such a recording for many years, I am compelled to acknowledge that what has materialized does not make the best possible case for the work. Though decently sung, this performance is slackly conducted at so many crucial points that the drama doesn't come to life. Furthermore, by perpetuating the silly redundancy of including two mutually incompatible scenes from two different stages of the work's development (a procedure that also marred—and still mars—the Metropolitan Opera's "original Mussorgsky version"; see *The Nation*, February 8, 1975), the producers have come up with a conflation that makes Mussorgsky look inept all over again. Still, all the music of the composer's final version is here, plus the haunting though superfluous scene between Boris and the Simpleton before St. Basil's Cathedral, and this is much more than we get to hear at the Met (where the final Revolutionary Scene, in particular, is cripplingly abridged). Should I venture to say that another and better recording will probably not come along for some time, it would probably materialize next week—record companies are occasionally seized with fits of lemminglike behavior. Still, the value of this one in cleansing our ears of the sound of Rimsky-Korsakov, if not in providing a full measure of Mussorgsky's dramatic vision, is considerable. (The Metropolitan Opera production, offering a less authentic but more involving experience, is on view this season, and will be broadcast on February 25.)

OFFENBACH: *La Vie Parisienne*. Régine Crespin, soprano; Mady Mesplé, soprano; Michel Sénéchal, tenor; Jean-Christophe Benoit, baritone; et al. Orchestra and Chorus of the Capitole, Toulouse; Michel Plasson, cond. Angel SBLX 3839. $16.98 (two discs).

Though employing the same forces that produced the enjoyable recording of Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse* (*The Nation*, June 25), this is weaker tea, and more weakly brewed. The tunes are good, but the satire less pointed, the performance less winning.

RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concerto No. 3, D minor, Op. 30. Lazar Berman, piano. London Symphony Orchestra; Claudio Abbado, cond. Columbia XM 34540. $5.98.

After a stylistically and structurally irrelevant encounter with Beethoven (Sonatas Nos. 18 and 23, on Columbia M 34218), Berman is back on native grounds, and much more convincing. This finely written concerto is played without the frequently made cuts (though with the cruder alternate cadenza), and with much thrust and power, as well as, in the *Scherzando* central section of the finale, quite fabulous virtuosity: fleet, highly colored and characterful. As a whole, the recording misses being completely satisfactory, for the perspective on piano and orchestra is underdimensioned and the orchestral work not nearly impeccable—surprising from the conductor and players who recently made a quite remarkable recording of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 635).

AS THOUGH EXISTENCE

The jungle's silence
in this half-light
of almost-evening
belies the breathing
life that rests
and flees in it—
as though existence
were made up dimly
of somnolence and
flight.

The
semblance of a deer,
like filament,
imprints itself
on leaping air.

Etta Blum

BRAHMS: Piano Concerto No. 1, D minor, Op. 15. Rudolph Kerer; Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra; Gennady Roshdestvensky, cond. Westminster Gold WG 8345. $3.98.

Kerer, seven years older than Berman, isn't yet known in the West, but he addresses this formidable work with energy, sensitivity and directness. As recorded, his tone appears to be clattery in the upper register, but there's ample solidity further down—and in the strongly played orchestral part—to convey the work's special sound.

Other recommended recordings (including continuations of series previously noted in these pages):

DVORAK: Symphony No. 7, D minor, Op. 70. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 9500 132. $8.98.

DVORAK: Overtures. Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra; Rafael Kubelik, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 785. $8.98.

HAYDN: Piano Trios Nos. 2, F major; 6, F major; 8, B-flat major. Beaux Arts Trio. Philips 9500 325. $8.98.

IVES: Piano Sonata No. 2 ("Concord, Mass., 1840-60"). Gilbert Kalish. Nonesuch H 71337. $3.96.

SIBELIUS: Symphonies Nos. 3, C major, Op. 52; No. 6, D minor, Op. 104. Boston Symphony Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 9500 142. $8.98. □

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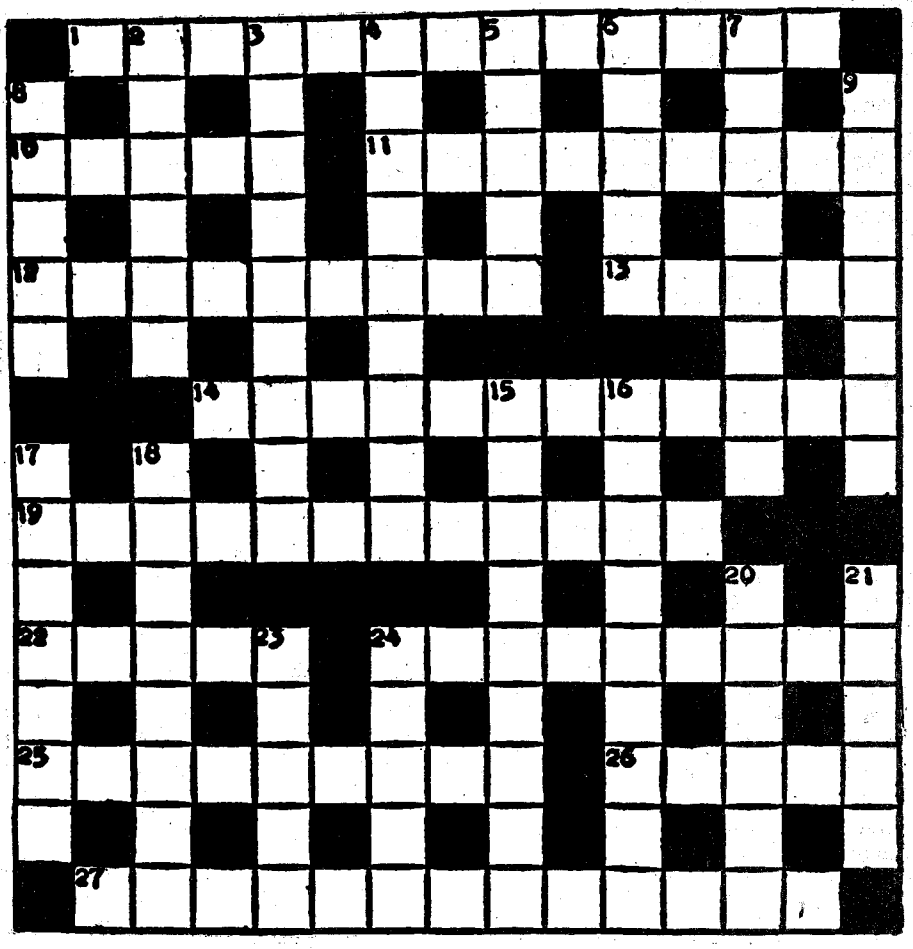
Crossword Puzzle No. 1700

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 In the case of this puzzle, address is supposedly saved by it. (1,6,2,4)
10 Part of the anchor always relates to a portion of time. (5)
11 Bad habits might have to be, though it's certainly not an erudite synonym. (9)
12 Openwork scaled according to rent? (9)
13 Presumably never made by the right person. (5)
14 Presses permutations of its letters. (12)
19 See 20 down
22 Ruined lives—one wouldn't expect a single one to be good. (5)
24 Put on like Job's various trials. (9)
25 One that puts a hairy surface on a kind of leather? Criminal! (9)
26 It might be his to lift. (5)
27 Not a particularly rewarding profession financially, yet one might find cool cash there. (13)

DOWN

2 Wood ideal for trim? (6)
3 One who doesn't work at living with someone else, by the sound of it? Don't you believe it! (4,5)
4 If you choose the penalty they might not, on the field or at the pad. (5-4)
5 I had been first, evidently, but certainly not as a worker did. (5)
6 Business swap for a possible end of 12. (5)
7 High places in Islam are found in money-making establishments. (8)
8 See 20 down
9 Speech written on an envelope, possibly. (7)
15 Give a job to the police, perhaps, or part of the armed services. (4,5)
16 In a way, one set fire to this, according to Caesar, for an early period. (9)
17 It may not be currently faddish if one barely does, making marks of a different color. (7)
18 Such things happen regularly as an epic Dior production. (8)
20, 8 and 19 across Is it the steelworkers' strategy to do so, if negotiations break down during operating hours? (6,5,3,4, 2,3)
21 Acts like Ochs before he became a publisher. (5)
23 Sort of has an upcoming mark of approval, for a hat. (5)
24 15 without a job to do. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1699

ACROSS: 6 Climb; 9 En garde; 10 Splurge; 11, 12 and 13 The Wizard of Oz; 15 Entrains; 16 Bellow; 18 Cranks; 20 Strategy; 23 and 1 across Lady Bountiful; 24 The Ram; 25 Tot; 28 Turmoil; 29 Dorothy; 30 Rondo; 31 Repellent. DOWN: 1 Bleat; 2 Unguent; 3 Throwbacks; 4 and 6 down Freezing cold; 5 Losers; 7 Israfil; 8 Breezeway; 14 Red Admiral; 15 Escalator; 17 Stored up; 19 Andiron; 21 Entitle; 22 Choler; 26 Tryst; 27 Toto.

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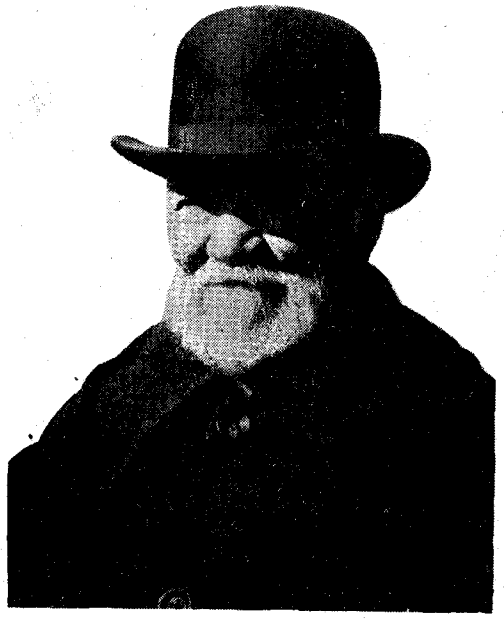
THE LONG MARCH



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